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HISTORY^{OF}



CHICAGO

FROM

1833 TO 1892

— BY —

AN OLD SETTLER

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HISTORY OF CHICAGO

FROM

1833 TO 1892

DESCRIBING THE

DIFFICULTIES OF THE ROUTE FROM NEW YORK TO CHICAGO

AND HARDSHIPS OF THE FIRST WINTER.

ALSO

DESCRIBING SEVERAL TRIPS TO THE VARIOUS VILLAGES AROUND, INCLUDING
ONE TO THE EAST IN THE YEAR 1834, AND COMMENCEMENT OF THE
PACKING AND GRAIN BUSINESS OF THE CITY IN 1842.

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BY CHARLES CLEAVER

ONE OF THE OLDEST RESIDENTS OF CHICAGO.

ALSO GIVING A DESCRIPTION OF JACKSON PARK AND THE GREAT
IMPROVEMENTS NOW GOING ON FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

CHICAGO

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

1892

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INTRODUCTION.

You will find in reading many of the articles published in this work, that they are copied from items written years since for the city papers, and at the suggestion of several friends have been collected together for publication, adding other reminiscences and valuable statistics of the increase of population, trade, etc., that will certainly be found interesting and profitable to those anticipating a visit to the World's Fair, and may be found useful in inducing others to come, who had not thought of doing so. To all such, I would say decide to come at once; you need not be deterred from any anticipated difficulties in the way, as you would probably find none. The various lines of elegant dining and sleeping cars will be found awaiting you, at all the principal sea ports, and will no doubt reduce their fare to accommodate all coming, and the preparations being made here, to receive a great crowd, by building several very *large hotels* and *apartment* houses, is almost past belief, they are so numerous—and no doubt all will be able to find accommodations to suit them.

Early Chicago Reminiscences by an Old Resident of 1833.

I left England, my native country, on the 18th of January, 1833, with a family and two or three young men friends of the family with the intention of emigrating to Canada, which from books lent me to read before starting, was described as the country of all others, for a young man to go to, to seek his fortune. We took passage in the packet ship *Philadelphia*, a nearly new vessel of some thousand tons burthen, that sailed between London and New York. When she had got all her cargo on board, received from the warehouses of the St. Catharine docks, and most of her passengers, she was warped into the river at high tide which there rises some twenty-five or twenty-six feet; when soon after a tug came alongside of us and our voyage of some 3,000 miles commenced by steaming down the Thames. We stopped a short time at Gravesend to take in stores, after which I went below and knew nothing further until our arrival at sunrise next morning in Portsmouth harbor. It was a lovely winter morning, and the view delightful from the upper deck of the vessel, which was gracefully rising and falling on the swells of the blue waters, fresh from the ocean. The Isle of Wight, renowned the world over for its beautiful scenery, lay on one side of us, and the main land

little inferior in beauty on the other. The water was alive with small craft, on the white sails of which the rays of the morning sun were shining, as they glided to and fro in the harbor, and altogether the scene was such as to do away with the depression of spirit I felt the day before on leaving my native land and my home for the first time; but soon all sail was spread to the breeze, when she slowly and majestically moved from her anchorage to brave the wind and the waves of the broad Atlantic, and well did the noble ship withstand their buffeting before she reached the further shore. In a few hours we lost sight of land and bid adieu to old England. For the first ten or twelve days the weather was fine and the winds favorable. We began to flatter ourselves we were going to make a quick passage. Our captain crowded all the sail he could on the vessel and talked of soon being on the banks of Newfoundland. We lounged about the deck enjoying the beautiful weather often for hours lying in the bow of the vessel looking at the numerous porpoises as they played and gamboled in the watery deep, seeming to enjoy the day as much as we did, showing every now and then their beautiful backs of gold that sparkled in the sun like diamonds. It was the very essence of enjoyment, but it soon came to an end; on the 1st of February the wind veered round to the northwest, dead ahead, blowing pretty fresh, and still day by day blowing harder and harder, until on the 5th of the month it culminated in a storm of the most terrific kind, blowing every sail from the ship, and for thirty hours she had nothing to steady her in the raging sea but a piece of canvas a foot or so wide woven into the

rigging. The first heavy sea that broke over us was in the night and the water poured down the hatchway in torrents. My bedfellow jumped from his berth exclaiming, "Oh, she's settling, she's settling," but he was soon glad to get back, as the deck or floor was covered with water. The storm kept increasing in violence during the night, making every plank in her groan and creak as if she was in her last extremity. The morning brought us no relief. The officers were ordered to leave the cabins on the quarter deck and swing hammocks below. The cook had to vacate his cuddy and the passengers had to be satisfied with hard biscuits or anything they could get, as canned meats, fruits or vegetables were unknown or thought of in those times. Two men were lashed to the wheel to steer her, and every thing was done that could be for the gallant vessel to withstand the fury of the storm. The captain afterwards told me he expected every minute to have the deck swept clean, which would have been the case had one of the mighty waves struck her, but as she was laying too with no sail on she glided sideways over the heavy seas, sometimes in the trough, where we could see nothing but the great wave rolling on to us until we found our ship on the top of it. You have heard of waves being mountain high; after the storm had somewhat abated they actually seemed higher than the masthead. About noon, with two others of our party, I ventured into the round house on deck, where I witnessed a sight I hope never to see again. The fury of the gale was such that the spray beat against the windows like a most violent hailstorm; we could not see three feet across the

deck and the roaring of the wind was so loud we could hardly make ourselves heard. It was truly a sublime though awful sight, and one I shall never forget. We were not allowed to stay there long, as the captain came and ordered us down, remarking that we might be swept away in a moment, should a wave strike her. The second day the storm began to abate or, as the sailors said, had blown itself out, and as the wind grew less the captain ordered out spare sails which were soon in their places, and we began sailing again on our right course. There was some damage done by the storm; the bulwarks were stove in on one side of the ship, a life-boat had been knocked from the davits and was landed bottom upwards on the deck. A favorite donkey of the family that was stabled in the long boat on deck was dead, also one of our best dogs, though the donkey's foal was unhurt. The sailors told us we ought to be thankful we were not all dead. The wind continued ahead, during the remainder of the month; it was storm after storm. One day a poor sailor stepped overboard from the rigging, and as the seas were running so high, not an effort was made to save him; this caused a feeling of despondency among the whole crew, who declared there must be a Jonah aboard. One day we ran so far north, that the next morning the ship and everything about her was covered with ice, when the second mate, who was fond of a practical joke, came down into the cabin and called us young men to get up quickly and see a whale. Of course we dressed as expeditiously as possible and were soon on deck peering over her sides to see the whale, when all we got for our pains was a

loud laugh from the mate and sailors, asking us if we did not think it was a fine morning; bittercold as it was, we got into our berths again as quickly as possible. One sailor in handling a forward sail got his boots filled with water, which froze to his feet and legs, laying him up for the remainder of the voyage. The following day the sailors were ordered to shake a reef out of the mainsail, a dangerous exploit to do in a storm at any time, but with all the spars and every rope frozen, much worse; not a man stirred till the second mate, seeing how matters stood, sprang into the rigging, taking his place where there was most danger, at the very end of the spar, when the others all followed like a flock of sheep, following their leader. At one time while walking forward on the vessel, and being on the lee side of the ship, in the trough of the sea, and seeing a huge wave rolling toward us, to escape it, I jumped on a spare spar lashed to the side of the ship, and catching hold of the rigging to which I clung, was dipped so deep under the water I thought I never was coming up again. These little incidents, though trivial in themselves, show what many suffered in olden times in making a voyage on board a sailing vessel. On a steamer such seldom happens, as large ocean ships propelled by powerful engines, can in a great measure avoid an ordinary storm by changing her course a little; you seldom hear of any accident to one of them. The Cunarders say they have never lost a boat or passenger since they began crossing the Atlantic, thirty years since. But enough of storms. By the 1st of March the wind changed and by 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 11th we were

gladdened by the welcome cry from the man aloft, "Land ahead, land ahead!" Ah, who can tell but those who have been tossed about on a stormy sea for two long months, what a thrill of pleasure those few words filled every heart that night, to think we were nearing our desired haven. We found the vessel the next morning laying to about five miles from Sandy Hook, the entrance to the outer harbor or bay. A pilot boat soon came alongside and left us a pilot, taking the news from the old country back with them, being the first they had received in a fortnight, and that two months old. Just fancy what our board of trade men would think of such news, when now they want it every five or ten minutes. What a wonderful change in the last half century. A heavy fog coming up soon after left us in rather a perilous situation, being too near a lee shore for comfort or safety, but the fog lifting about noon we were soon at anchor in the outer bay, where we were again left and did not reach our wharf at the city until the next evening, when we gladly left the vessel for Holt's hotel on Broad street just by, where we got a good supper and were astonished at being charged only a quarter each. We then went to the Broadway house, selected for us by Mr. B., who had been all day in the city, having got in on the pilot boat in the morning. The next day in looking around we found a city of about 150,000 inhabitants, surpassing anything we had expected to see in America. The day following we made preparations to get the freight off the vessel, but there was so much of it of one sort and another, it took us two or three days to accomplish it. We had several loads of tools of all sorts, dozens

of axes, a lathe and half a schooner load of fruit trees; a great many of the latter sold well at New York at auction. The remainder were shipped to Buffalo and subsequently by schooner to Chicago. We brought with us also guns and rifles and some good bred dogs; we had a greyhound, foxhound, setter, pointer and spaniel. We expected to go to a new country in Upper Canada and all things brought with us was supposed to be very scarce there. On our arrival in New York, finding we were too early for the opening of the Erie canal, which was the only practical way of leaving for the west at that season of the year, we spent several days in making excursions to Brooklyn and Hoboken with guns and dogs after game of some sort, but without success except the shooting of a few woodcock in New Jersey. Game of any kind seemed very scarce, although the country was only settled by market gardeners and small farmers. Of course in the city everything was new and strange to us. Even as we walked the streets among the painted houses, being such as we had never seen before, also the light horses and curious drays, were so very different to the heavy cart horses and large wagons used in London, that we were reminded every minute while walking the streets that we were in a foreign country. The manner of doing business, also, was so different; it seemed as if they did half of it on the sidewalk. Time soon began to hang heavy on our hands, as the sights of the city were soon seen; there were a few good buildings put up, the Astor house just opened where one of our party went to board at only ten dollars a week, but it was prophesied it would be too far out of town to do much business. The city

hall was building and five stone front houses near by of which the citizens were evidently very proud as we were often asked if we had been to see them. The battery was the place of greatest attraction to ourselves and also to the fashionable ladies of the city. There was no Broadway with its fine stores to walk in, the best houses were in Greenwich street where the wealthy seemed to congregate, but the Battery with its little well-kept park on the inner bay where we could enjoy the sight of the vessels arriving and departing and the beautiful sea breeze that often blew fresh and invigorating from the ocean was a source of endless pleasure; we spent two or three hours there every day. The city exchange was also just built for about the same purpose as our board of trade. We visited it daily to make inquiries about the next packet ship, the Sampson, that was to sail ten days after us and we expected a party of our acquaintances on her, but looked for her in vain for the next thirty days, and when she did arrive we found she had been caught in the same storm that had struck us on the 5th of February and had been so injured she had to put back to Cork, in Ireland, for repairs. By the 20th of April, the day on which the canal opened, we were quite ready for another start on our journey to the west, and on the 21st Mr. B. and all his family with two other friends, left on a steamer up the Hudson river for Albany, George D. and myself, staying till the next day to get the remainder of the freight on board, which we did and sailed ourselves with it for Albany, where we found Mr. B. anxiously awaiting us on the wharf, as he had engaged passage for us all on a canal boat that

was just ready to start for Buffalo. These boats were drawn by two horses that were stabled on the fore part of the boat, where two others were kept, and they took turns alternately working six or eight hours and resting the same, but they both got a good rest that trip as we had to lay by two or three days while the canal was being repaired, one side of which had broken away letting all the water out and all the boats lying on the bottom. But we young men having a constant source of enjoyment roaming the woods which lined the banks, with our dogs and guns, and now and then shooting a few stray pigeons, really enjoyed it as much as the elder part of the party deprecated their hard luck in being confined to the narrow space allotted them in the boat for so long a time.

We passed several fine villages during our trip, the largest of which was Syracuse, Utica, Lockport and Rochester, then villages only in their infancy, now cities containing a population of many thousand each. Lockport, the highest point on the canal, excited our interest from the many locks built there. Rochester also from the canal crossing the Genesee river and viaduct. This town also had two or three large flouring mills on the river where they ground the wheat, corn, etc., raised on the rich land on the valley bordering the stream. We also took a look at the salt works on the line of the canal, where all the salt then used in the country was manufactured or boiled down. In due time we arrived at Buffalo, then the principal city of the west containing 8,000 or 9,000 inhabitants, and was then what Chicago is now, the distributing point for all the

country still further west as well as the center at which all the products of the soil were collected for the eastern market. But what a contrast; then a few packages of goods were shipped by steamer to Detroit to supply that and other smaller ports on the lake, with the merchandise and goods they needed from the east, bringing back in return a few hundred bushels of grain for the mills at Black Rock, and sometimes at Rochester, whereas now millions of bushels pass through the city yearly, both by water and rail, besides the arrival of immense quantities of beef, pork, flour and fruit received and shipped by railroad and canal each vying with the other to secure their share of the traffic. On arriving at Buffalo Mr. B., the head of our party, took a house for a few months, as some of the party determined to travel a little in Canada, and see the country for themselves before finally making up their minds to settle there, which was our original intention on leaving London. Four of them having so determined, purchased horses, saddles, etc. and began their journey by riding first to Toronto to present some letters of introduction they had to the Governor of Canada, and after spending a few days in the city, which then contained a population of some 8,000 or 9,000, about the same as Buffalo, continued their journey through the woods to Detroit, some of them being dissatisfied with the look of things on the route, seeing farmers who had been settled there for years, and very little to show for it, and afterwards meeting a person on board the steamer on which they returned from Detroit to Buffalo who had been visiting Chicago, and spoke very highly of its prospects and of the

prairie country adjoining it on the south and west, assuring them that they could purchase land of the Government contiguous to the village for a dollar and a quarter an acre with nothing on the surface but a crop of grass on which they could begin plowing and harrowing at once and raise a good crop of grain from it while they would be clearing an acre of timber from the land in Canada, and then have it full of stumps; consequently part of them, myself among the number, determined to come west to Chicago, and fearing to go round the lakes in the small schooners then sailing determined to go by land, and began preparations at once by the purchase of horses and wagons and making other necessary arrangements, but we did not leave Buffalo until the 26th of August. During the absence of the party in Canada we had several days of good shooting, the pigeons in the woods near by and the fishing at Black Rock on the Niagara river about three miles from the city was really splendid. Many a time did two of us go there by sunrise, and in an hour or two catch 30 to 35 pounds of fish each weighing from two to five pounds, which we took home hanging on a pole between us, and as we pulled them out of the water their scales shining and shimmering in the summer's sun, the very sight of them would have made an epicure's mouth water. But the time had arrived for our leaving Buffalo, which we did on the day above mentioned, loading the one horse wagon with mattresses, bedding, extra clothing, cooking utensils and everything thought to be necessary in a new country. The two horse wagon was on springs with seats on each side like an omnibus where the family

could all ride with good roads, but we had to travel about ten miles from the city on the shore of Lake Erie, where the sand was very deep and several of the party had to walk, which they found very fatiguing in the deep sand as six of them were ladies, young and middle aged and had not been used to that kind of life. The next day we found the roads were good and continued so through Pennsylvania and Ohio the first 300 miles of our journey. The weather was fine, and we really enjoyed ourselves, it was like one continued picnic. Generally selecting some pretty spot by the side of a murmuring brook or under the grateful shade of a tree on which sometimes a grape vine had climbed for support from which hung clusters of ripe grapes, at other times a patch of blackberries attracted our attention from which we picked the luscious fruit, and enjoyed it in all its freshness; it was in some such places we generally stopped to prepare our midday meal cooked in a bake oven, or frying pan over the embers of a wood fire, no camp stove being thought of in those early days, at night always finding some wayside tavern or accommodating farmer to give us and our horses shelter, or a room or two sufficed if we could do no better in which we spread our mattresses and bedding. At some places where we stopped, they would make us as welcome as possible, giving us the best of meals, and all the fruit we needed. Our route lay along the southern shore of Lake Erie, as fine a country as you would wish to see. Erie was then a village of a few hundred inhabitants. Cleveland, one of the prettiest towns through which we passed, had about 2,000. Soon after passing the latter city, the roads

began to get worse, and when within a short distance of the Maumee river, we had to cross one of the vilest of swamps, well named the Black Swamp. It was some thirty miles across, and most of the way crossed with small round logs, making what was called a corduroy road. It took all day to cross the middle of it, where finding a log house partially built without a roof and only half floored with split logs, we took possession of it, glad to find even such a shelter from the wind with a dry place on which to spread our bed, etc. Although we had to sleep for the first time under the broad canopy of Heaven, however, the night proved fine, so we suffered more from anticipation than from the reality. We were glad enough, notwithstanding, to get away from it next morning, and reached Perrisburgh a small village just settled on the Maumee river, where I got the best shot at ducks I ever made, getting a dozen fine mallard ducks to carry back with us, but here ended every comfort and pleasure of the journey. Good roads were left behind and were but a small exception; for a few days they were as bad as they well could be. It was nothing but out of one mud-hole into another the day through. The road was through heavy timber, a cross road through the woods from Lake Erie to the Detroit road through Michigan. The days were getting shorter, the weather cooler, provisions scarce and more expensive, accommodations for the night more difficult to find. We realized the fact keenly that we were in a new country. At White Pigeon Prairie finding a few miles of good road and urging our jaded horses a little faster than usual, one of the double team, an old mare,

dropped in her harness, and there we had to leave her. A neighboring farmer coming by, sold us an old horse that he warranted would carry us to Chicago, or to the Rocky Mountains, for that matter, but we soon found to our sorrow he was past much work and good for nothing. From this time forward till we got to Chicago, we had hard times, which will be best described by copying an article I wrote for one of the papers some twenty-five years since, which I trust will be found interesting. Just fancy yourself standing on the road leading from the east into Michigan City, Indiana, one cold, raw, wet afternoon, about the middle of October, 1833, where you would have seen two covered wagons, one drawn by two horses, the other by one, wending their slow and tedious way along the muddy, miry road leading from Laporte to Michigan City, only 14 miles apart, but which had taken the whole day to accomplish, occasioned by the dreadful roads through which the tired horses had dragged themselves, for it had been out of one mud hole into another the whole distance, and the poor beasts looked pretty well pegged out from their day's work, and the previous 500 miles they had already come on their journey. Some of the party were walking and from their appearance and mud-bespattered clothing, looked as if they had put their shoulders to the wheels more than once that day. Walk with them to the tavern to which they are evidently bending their steps, and while standing there, let us take a look at the occupants as they alight from their vehicles. It is very evident from their appearance, that they are not rough Hoosiers from Indiana, or Buckeye's

from the backwoods of Ohio, for there is, notwithstanding their travel-worn appearance, something in their looks and manners which stamp them far superior in mental culture and civilization to the rough, uncouth persons usually seen tumbling out of a moving wagon, though probably not so well calculated to get along in a new country or to endure the privations experienced for the past few weeks, or the travel and hardships of the next few days as the other classes would have been. Their very wagons look as if taste and neatness were not wholly forgotten. They are a large family the heads of which are a gentleman and lady passed the meridian of life, an elderly lady accompanying them, and nine children, the eldest a young man just approaching manhood, and his four brothers, three young girls not yet in their teens, and one just entering that important era. Two young men, friends of the family, traveling with them, complete the party. Then together, they comprise a group not often seen so far west in those early times when Chicago was on the very confines of civilization.

But they are now quietly seated in the tavern, a description of which will answer for nineteen out of twenty of all they have stopped at during their journey. The outer door opens into a large room used as a sitting room for the men folks, and also as a bar-room, for in one corner, generally in the angle, you will see a cupboard, with two or three shelves, on which are arranged in bottles, the different colored liquors. I suppose the color is about all the difference you could have found in them, as the brandy, gin and whisky generally came from one distillery in Ohio,

with the addition of burnt sugar and juniper berries to suit the taste of their customers. From this room you would enter the family sitting room, also used as a dining room for travelers, and out of that usually a kitchen and small family bedroom. The upper story, although sometimes divided into two rooms, was often left in one, with beds arranged along the sides. Once in a while you might find a curtain drawn across the further end of the room, affording a little privacy to the female portion of the occupants, but often not even that, the beds being occupied promiscuously on the first-come-first-served principle. Meals usually consisted of bread, butter, potatoes, and fried pork; now and then you might get a few eggs, but not as far west as our travelers now find themselves. Such were the accommodations travelers had to put up with in those early days. If they could find a tin wash basin and clean towel for the whole party to use, generally used standing on a bench outside the back-door, they considered themselves fortunate. Nine times out of ten the beds were all occupied, or at least bespoken, but our travelers were well prepared for such occurrences, as the one-horse wagon was filled with mattresses, blankets, pillows, cloaks, and other articles to make up comfortable beds on the floor, which was done according to circumstances, sometimes in the barroom, and sometimes in the dining room. The time spoken of in Michigan City it was in the inner room, where, at 10 o'clock, we will leave them for the night, the female portion of the family on the mattresses, the male on the softest board they could pick out, wrapped up in a blanket and cloak, of which I was one of the party.

We were early astir the next morning, not that we need have been, had not the room been wanted for other purposes, for we had determined to spend the day there to rest the horses before venturing on the forty-two miles of lake shore, without a house between us and the Calumet river. During the day we found ample time to see all there was to be seen in the embryo city, which then contained probably about fifty inhabitants. The buildings consisted of one small brick tavern, a frame one opposite, a blacksmith shop, a store, and half a dozen houses, built in, on, above and below the sand. It was literally a place of sand, being located on far more sand hills than ever ancient Rome was on hills. It appeared to be about the southern point of Lake Michigan. A small creek emptied itself into the lake, though apparently much too small for any harbor ever to be formed there, which, however, was done by our government a few years after. Altogether it was one of the most dreary looking places imaginable, nothing inviting about it. Our party were making what preparations we could for the morrow's journey, but provisions were very scarce. All we could get was half a sucking pig, two small pieces of pork and half a bushel of potatoes; no butter or milk was to be had for love or money. Fortunately we had flour and honey in the wagon, so we felt satisfied our provisions would last us through. From all the information we could get we had made up our minds to spend one night on the lake shore, either in the wagon or under the broad canopy of heaven. It was very evident from our conversation that we dreaded the journey, for two of our horses were about used up, and the loads were heavy,

but we will again leave them for the night. The next morning found us up bright and early for a start, and after getting breakfast and repacking the wagons we made it by putting the three horses to the smallest wagon and hauling it over the hills to the shore, when the lady and children started with it on their toilsome journey, while the men folks took a span of horses back for the double wagon. We soon found the depth of the sand and the difficulties of the way had not been exaggerated, for it was all we could do to reach the beach, on which we had barely traveled half a mile when the horses came to a dead stop, which delayed us some time, and we concluded the only way of making any progress at all was by traveling in the water on the edge of the lake. Even there we found the sand so heavy that we had to stop every now and then to breathe the horses, which made it very tedious traveling. It was 3 o'clock before we overtook the first wagon that started. The family complained of great fatigue, but there was no help for it, they could not ride, the single horse was completely used up; all our urging could not move him. To add to these troubles, the wind and waves began to rise, driving us further upon the beach. It became evident that a heavy storm was blowing up. After a deal of useless trouble and exertion, it was decided that the two-horse wagon should proceed with the family, until they could find some sheltered spot in which to spend the night, leaving two of us young men to get the other on as fast as possible, and await the return of the team to take them to the stopping place. It was after dark before we rejoined the party in the sand hills, where we found supper pre-

pared, and glad enough we all were to sit down to it after the labors of the day; but we had hardly tasted a mouthful before the threatened storm broke over our heads in all its fury. We had barely reached the wagons, whither we hastened with what food we could snatch up, before the rain fell in torrents, the thunder rolled fearfully, and the wind increased to a perfect hurricane. The storm continued to increase in violence until after midnight, the family sitting opposite each other on either side of the large wagon listening to the war of the elements during the long and tedious hours of that dreadful night, holding on with tightened grasp to the bows of the wagon cover, expecting every minute it would be blown away. Fortunately the canvas top was made of stout material, and withstood the fury of the blast, but still left them in no very enviable position, suffering as they were from the fatigue of the previous day's walk, the cold and damp atmosphere surrounding them and the want of a good night's rest. Three young men of us crawled for shelter under the cover of the small wagon, closing up the front and back as well as we could to prevent the driving wind and rain from making a clean sweep through it. In the first few hours of the night we had the best of it, lying on a pile of mattresses, with plenty to cover us, but toward morning, when the wind was at its height, we suddenly found ourselves deluged with rain, the front and back of the cover having been carried away, and it was with the greatest difficulty we again secured it, and sheltered ourselves from the pitiless storm.

None who went through the experience of that and

the succeeding night will ever forget it. Glad enough we all were to welcome the first rays of the coming morn; even then the outlook was none of the brightest. Fortunately the rain had ceased, but a cold north wind continued to blow from the lake, driving us up higher and higher on the beach, where the horses had to travel fetlock deep in the sand every step they took. After partaking of breakfast, cooked under the greatest difficulty, as the wood and everything around was saturated with the rain, we again started on our journey, but soon came to the conclusion that the old horse, bought in Michigan only ten days before, could go no further, so after consultation it was determined to turn him adrift in the sand hills, where I have no doubt he soon became food for the wolves. After hauling the heaviest wagon well up on the beach, secure from the waves, and filling it with all that could possibly be spared out of the other wagon, we fastened the covers down and left it, fully expecting that half the contents would be stolen; but it was necessary to make some sacrifice, as it was beginning to be a serious matter how we were to exist until we reached Mann's tavern, on the Calumet river, over thirty miles distant, as the two horses left were pretty well tired out. There was no time to be lost, so putting one horse before the other, we pressed on, though still having to stop every half hour to rest the team. About 9 o'clock four travelers on horseback overtook our party. Among the number Augustus Garrett and Dr. Egan, for many years after well known and prominent citizens of Chicago. They told us we could not be over ten miles from Michigan City, which greatly discouraged us, as we fully

expected we were at least twenty, but the continual stoppages to which we had been subjected had deceived us as to the distance traveled.

From this time on we fully made up our minds to spend another night on the shore of the lake—not a very pleasant prospect, certainly, as it was still very cold, and a large amount of bedding and blankets had been left behind; but there was no help for it, so we walked wearily onward until evening, when, finding a sheltered spot in one of the swales among the sand hills, we prepared to spend the night there by gathering wood, lighting a fire, and cutting a quantity of juniper and fir boughs to cover the ground, on which, after partaking of rather a slim supper, we laid down, covered with cloaks and what blankets we had, and, being completely tired out, really enjoyed a good night's rest under the somewhat novel circumstances in which we found ourselves. The poor horses were, if possible, in a worse plight than ourselves, as they had nothing but the dried wiry grass to eat, affording very little nourishment. We were up next morning with the first dawn of day; and, as we had no sumptuous breakfast to cook, our provisions being reduced to about half a peck of potatoes, were soon prepared to resume our journey, though not with very comfortable feelings, knowing that we could not taste another mouthful until we had traveled the twenty miles intervening between us and the nearest house, but we hurried off, hoping almost against hope that a friend in Chicago, to whom the head of the party had written, while at Michigan City, an account of our situation, would get the letter and send help, which, fortunately for us, he did, sending a

yoke of oxen, driven by a former acquaintance, who met us about 11 o'clock. This was a great relief to all, as it enabled the female portion of the family to crowd into the wagon and ride the remainder of the day. Leaving them comfortably provided for, three of us young men walked on, arriving at Mann's tavern, on the banks of the Calumet, soon after dark, and no three young men ever felt happier than we did to find ourselves again under the shelter of a roof, with the prospect before us of a good substantial meal. The remainder of the party, with the wagon, arrived an hour or so later, and were highly delighted to find a good supper prepared for them. The night was spent, as many before had been, part sleeping on the floor, while others occupied a couple of beds, which were fortunately found disengaged. The tavern-keeper was a half Indian, but kept a good house of its sort, on the east side of the river, and also ran the ferry across the Calumet river. The house was of logs, two buildings about 16 x 20 being put up, leaving a space between of about the same size, which being covered with clapboards, like the other buildings, and inclosed at the sides, made quite a commodious tavern, much better than most of those we had stopped at for the last 300 miles of our journey.

In the morning it was decided that three of us young men should start back after the wagon left behind, which we did, though much against our inclinations, taking with us both oxen and horses, carrying what provender we needed on their backs. After traveling ten or twelve miles on the back track, we came to a grove of trees where two men were at work building a shanty, stabling, etc., for a new station

for the stage company, and not before it was needed, for our party dragged one horse off to the woods—a victim to hard driving, scant feed and want of care; but what could the drivers do, with a route of forty-two miles of lake shore, without a house, but put the poor brutes through as best they could. That night we had to lie on two inches of snow, by way of a change, but with our heads protected from the wind by boughs stuck in the sand by some other party before the frost set in, and a good roaring fire at our feet, we managed to spend a pretty comfortable night. The second day, a little before dark, we found the wagon just as it had been left—not a thing touched. It was not long before a fire was kindled, and slap-jacks made from the flour left in the wagon were frying in the pan, which, eaten with the honey also left behind, made an excellent supper, enlivened as it was with many songs and jovial talk. It took two days more to again reach the river, where we found the party left at the tavern fully recruited from the fatigues of their journey, and anxious to be again on the road for Chicago, some 13 miles distant.

The following day, about 11 o'clock, we left Mann's tavern, and toward evening arrived at the place of our destination, where we might reasonably have expected to find a comfortable resting place; but it was not to be. Every tavern and house was full, and we had to wait two or three hours in the cold before we could find a roof to shelter us; then a kind lady had compassion on us, and took us all into her already crowded boarding house, it being only a log building about 16 x 20, where we had again to spread our mattresses on the floor. Such was the reception

of a family in the village of Chicago, and such were a few of the hardships and troubles experienced in getting here.

But before describing Chicago as we found it on our arrival, I will insert an article written by John Conant Long, and published in the *Journal* of March 2, 1888, in which he describes scenes that took place before my time, as he claims to have been here in 1831 and '32.

How hard it is for us to realize that in the locality where there are now so many beautiful and peaceful homes, extending from about where Sixteenth street now is to Eighteenth, and from Indiana avenue to the lake, was the spot where all the fighting took place, and that the bodies of the slain remained where they fell, unburied for three or four years. Let us try and picture to ourselves the scene. Six hundred to 800 half-naked savages armed with muskets, knives and tomahawks, their dark forms in strong contrast to the white smoke of the powder, see them as they swarm over the sandhills or crouch behind them, hear their fierce, shrill war-cry above the rattle of the musketry. That man with the blackened face is Captain Wells; he has been fighting the Indians nearly all his life, they know him well, and they know that blackened face means that he will give no quarter and expect none, and that it is to be death or victory to him. See him as he urges the little band of white soldiers up the bank—how the unskilled savages give way before the steady fire and advance of well-disciplined soldiers; but as fast as they give way in front, they swarm like red demons on the flank and to the rear, overwhelming the brave band with more than

ten times their numbers; see Captain Wells, as he strikes right and left, and single-handed drives five or six of the dusky warriors before him, until one cowardly Indian takes advantage of his being engaged in front, and creeps up behind him and stabs him in the back. But the saddest and most terrible sight of all is over there where the baggage wagons were halted. See that Indian creeping toward that wagon and the children clinging to each other with looks of terror on their faces; hear their cries for help and shrieks of pain—but enough of this picture. We can turn the eye of our imagination to the present and see in the place where that terrible massacre occurred many grand and stately dwellings and many peaceful and happy homes, well-kept grassy lawns in place of those blood-stained sandhills, happy children's faces in place of those which were there horribly mangled and covered with blood, sweet music where once was only heard the fierce war-cry and the sharp, quick tones of those instruments the touch of whose keys means death.

Mrs. Heald, the sister of Captain Wells, received six wounds, and while she was lying upon the ground writhing with pain, she saw an Indian chief strutting about with her bridal comb stuck in his hair. When the Indians raised her up to carry her away a squaw tried to snatch the blanket from her shoulders, but she turned quickly and struck the squaw in the face with her riding whip. The Indians greatly admired her for this act of bravery and perhaps treated her with more respect afterwards.

For four years after the massacre the ruins of the fort were practically abandoned and deserted (from

1812 to 1816), but in 1816 it was rebuilt under the direction of Captain Bradley, and was again occupied by United States troops. Nothing of great importance occurred until 1831. During that year Black Hawk, an Indian chief, with a large body of Indians, crossed the Mississippi river and advanced up the Rock river, moving in a northeasterly direction. This created a panic among the defenseless settlers west and southwest of the fort. At that time the only refuge for them was at Fort Dearborn, and therefore during the month of May, 1832, it was a crowded caravansary of frightened fugitives numbering about 500 persons. The few residents of Chicago labored to their utmost to feed and shelter this large number. Archibald Clybourne, who was the government butcher, found it impossible to furnish the necessary supplies for such a population, but, fortunately, two young men, John and Mark Noble, had gone into the stock-raising business, and had ready for killing 150 head of cattle. They drove them into the enclosure of the fort, and thereby averted a meat famine.

During the following month of July, General Scott arrived with a body of troops to reinforce the garrison, bringing with him the celebrated Indians Shawbonee and Billy Caldwell, names often mentioned in the early history of Chicago, but General Scott brought with him an enemy more to be dreaded than the Indians. His soldiers had hardly taken up their quarters in the fort before they were, most of them, prostrated with that dread disease, the cholera, and they died off like sheep; there were hardly enough well ones to care for the sick and bury the dead. In fact the troops were attacked with this dread disease

while they were on the lake steamers en route to Fort Dearborn. General Scott said sometime after the Mexican war that he had often been in great danger and witnessed a great amount of suffering, but he had never before felt his helplessness and need of divine providence as he did on the lakes and in Fort Dearborn when that ghostly pestilence, the Asiatic cholera, became prevalent among his soldiers. Sentinels were of no use in warning them of the enemy's approach; he could not storm his works, fortify against him or cut his way out, or make terms of capitulation, and there was no respect for the flag of truce.

As soon as it became known that the dread disease was in the fort, the refugees immediately fled from the fort, choosing to face the possible danger of the tomahawk and the scalping knife rather than the ghostly pestilence. Nearly all of them returned to their homes and on the 10th day of July, 1832, Chicago was abandoned by the pest-stricken garrison. The agency house, or government factory, built just outside of the inclosure on the bank of the river, a little southwest of the present south end of Rush street bridge, was used as a hospital. This agency house was an old-fashioned log building with hall in the center and porches extending the whole length of it. Alexander Wolcott, a name very familiar to old settlers, was the government Indian agent for a number of years. Till 1826 he lived across the river with John Kinzie. Some time after that year the government established in the agency building and in some of the buildings in the fort a factory for manufacturing goods much used by the Indians, and for the further purpose of controlling the trade in the vicinity. This factory

system was instituted from motives of both philanthropy and expediency, but soon proved to be a failure and was abandoned. The second or new fort, which was built over the ruins of the old, was occupied continuously by United States troops and used for a recruiting station; also as a rendezvous for soldiers who were to be sent further west, as well as for purposes of defense, until 1837, when it was abandoned, the Indians having been removed far to the westward. The fort stood until 1856, when the old block-house was demolished, no vestige of it remaining, the Chicago fire having destroyed what was left, even of the old timbers, which had been used in some of the new buildings. It is to be regretted that the city government or the Chicago Historical Society did not manage in some way to save that old block-house. The site of the fort is now occupied by a large but prosaic building devoted to the sale of groceries. The fort as rebuilt consisted of a square stockade, inclosing barracks or quarters for officers and soldiers, magazine, quartermaster and commissary departments. The northwest and southwest angles were defended by bastions or earthworks. The buildings were constructed with hewn logs, some of them covered on the outside with oak clapboards. The block-house, about twenty feet square, was built of solid logs, without windows, with the upper part and roof projecting beyond the side walls about four feet. I remember that all of us small boys, who lived in and around the fort, stood in solemn awe of the interior of that block-house, and none of us ever dared to pass inside. It looked so dark and dismal. we were contented to remain without, spending many hours and

ruining many jack-knives digging out the bullets we found imbedded in the timbers. On both sides of the parade ground, in the center of the fort, fronting east and west, were two long two-story buildings with porches extending their whole length. The main or ground floors of the porches were paved with stone and brick, thereby showing that Uncle Sam had an eye to durability even as far back as the year 1816. The officers' quarters were located at the north end, and the store-house or commissary department, guard-house and magazine or block-houses at the south end of the barracks. In the center of the parade ground was a square post about four feet high, on top of which was an old fashioned sun dial. There were four gates or main entrances to the fort or stockade, located on the east, west, north and south sides.

In 1845 my father was appointed lighthouse keeper by President James K. Polk, and we lived in an old stone-house adjoining and directly west of the fort, the lighthouse being in the same inclosure, both built of uncut solid block stone. The lighthouse was circular in shape and surmounted by a glass dome with iron frame, which contained six common oil lamps, with reflectors attached, all set in a revolving frame. The position of lighthouse keeper in those days was considered an important and lucrative government office. I think the salary was \$1,500 and no chance for extra emolument, except that it was understood that my father could follow the example of his illustrious predecessors, and when he drew the requisitions for oil for the lighthouse lamps, he could include enough for his own domestic use (or for light house-

keeping, so to speak). In those days fat contracts and boodlers were unknown. There was another smaller lighthouse at the end of the north pier. The duty of cleaning, trimming and lighting the lamps in both houses devolved part of the time upon my oldest brother and myself. The lighting and extinguishing of the lamps in the lighthouse at the end of the north pier was sometimes attended with great danger, for during a severe northeast storm, the waves would break completely over the pier, and the only way in which we could save ourselves from being washed into the river, was by clinging to the posts, which fortunately for us, were placed at intervals of about forty feet along the center of the pier. I remember on one or two occasions when the lights did not burn through the night by reason of my not trimming and filling the lamps properly, I received a severe thrashing. So my first efforts to throw light upon early Chicago were not unattended with difficulties.

This account of the fort and its surroundings is complete, although very much condensed.

It also includes the history of Chicago up to 1832, because up to that time it consisted of the fort, agency houses and only five farm houses or residences. In the spring of 1833, Chicago had less than 200 inhabitants. When it was incorporated as a city, March 4, 1837, the population was 4,170. March 4, 1887, just fifty years from the date of its incorporation, the census and the returns of the city directory canvass showed about 800,000 inhabitants, and at the present time, if we include the suburbs recently annexed and the contiguous and thickly settled portions of Hyde

Park, Cicero, Town of Lake and Lake View, which rightfully belong to the city, we should find at least 1,000,000 inhabitants, showing an increase in half a century unparalleled in history. What a change many of us old settlers find from old Fort Dearborn and the five frame houses clustered around it, to the present grand city, with its large, handsome parks, substantial public buildings, business blocks, beautiful churches, luxurious club-houses, schools and handsome private residences! Nothing seems to check the city in its mighty progress. There is something in the air we breathe, as it comes off the large lake of pure, fresh water and the wide, fertile prairies all around us, which brings great vitality and energy both to the physical body and the body politic.

Signed by JOHN CONANT LONG.

MAKING THE HARBOR.—The work of improving the Chicago harbor was commenced by the United States Government in 1833. Previous to this the Chicago river made a sharp bend southward, near the present depot of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, and had its outlet into the lake fully half a mile from the bend, leaving between the river and the lake a long sand bar above water, formed by the action of the northeasterly gales. The work of improvement was commenced by giving the river a straight outlet by a cut through this bar and by constructing a pier on the north bank. The direction of this pier was east by south, and its length about a thousand feet, beginning nearly at the then shore line. A pier was also constructed on the south side of the river, running parallel to the pier above mentioned, through which at a later date cuts were made by the Illinois Central

Railroad Company, forming ship basins in connection with the other improvements. In 1837 the north pier was extended 400 feet, and its direction changed to about east by north. This change, however, proved unfavorable, as a sand-bar soon formed in the channel south of the east end of the pier. This suggested a return to the direction given to the first part of the pier, and in the construction the change was made gradually by building the pier in a curve to which the preceding pier would be a tangent, and ending in the direction desired. This work was done in 1838 and 1840, and in 1852 a pier-head was built at the outer extremity, to be used as a foundation for a lighthouse. The lighthouse, however, was, in 1859, constructed on piles at a point about fifty feet farther north. The depth of water into the harbor at that time was about eight feet. The vessels were of small dimensions, and this was sufficient for the largest.

It was not until 1848 that Chicago assumed any importance at all as a port. Since that time—within thirty-five years—the growth has been rapid enough and great enough to astonish the whole world. And the vast commerce of Chicago today does not yet seem to be fully known or appreciated even on the American seaboard. Statistics are given further along in this review, however, which will convince the Atlantic seaports and the seaports of the world that Chicago, on Lake Michigan, is now one of the greatest ports anywhere. All the statistics given are official and will bear the closest scrutiny.

Even in 1848—the Board of Trade was organized in that year—but comparatively few vessels arrived

and cleared at Chicago. Season after season, however, this lake trading increased rapidly.

In 1854 Chicago was considered quite a port, and great boasts were made of the "immense quantities" of grain received and shipped here. The shipments for a series of years from and including 1854 were as follows:

	1854.	1855.	1856.	1857.	1858.
Flour.....	111,621	163,419	216,389	259,648	470,402
Wheat.....	2 306,925	6 298,155	8,364,420	9,846 052	8,850,257
Corn.....	6,626,051	7,517,625	11,129,608	6,814 615	7,726,264
Oats.....	3 229,987	1,888,538	1,014,637	506,778	1,519,069
Rye	7,569
Barley	147,811	92,011	19,051	17,993	132,020

In 1858 the capacity of grain elevators (or storehouses) in Chicago was 4,095,000 bushels. The quantity of coal received here by lake that season was 76,571 tons; lumber, 278,943,000 feet; wood, 87,074 cords.

THE FLEETS IN 1858-59.

The total number of vessels on the entire chain of lakes then was 1,458. Of these, 748, or more than half the whole number, plied to and from Chicago. About the largest sail vessel coming here then measured 400 tons.

In 1859 the tonnage of the lakes was as follows:

American Craft—No. 1,198; tonnage, 323,156; value, \$9,811,200.

Canadian Craft—No. 313; tonnage, 69,663; value, \$2,305,200.

The history of Chicago as a port is the history of lake navigation generally. Chicago needed large vessels. They were built and the general government has improved the whole lake-water route so that

they might ply up and down the lakes. As a result the cost of transportation has been immensely reduced. Instead of vessels of 200 to 400 tons measurement and a rate of 22 to 24 cents per bushel on corn to Buffalo, the craft now measures 1,800 and 2,500 tons, and the rate is 3 to 5 cents. Sail vessels are fast disappearing, transportation now being carried on by monster steam barges and tows and by regular lines of freight steamers. Passenger traffic on the lakes has fallen off greatly; the public seem to prefer to travel by rail.

Chicago harbor has 51 miles of dockage, and possesses the largest grain elevators in the world. In all there are 25 elevators, and their total capacity for the storage of grain is 24,625,000 bushels. To tow vessels in and out of the harbor and transfer them about, it requires the services of 65 steam tugs.

By comparison of official figures obtained from the treasury department, the *Inter Ocean* discovered some time ago that a greater number of vessels arrived and cleared at Chicago during a year than at the port of New York. The publication caused general surprise, and there were and are numerous skeptics. It is a fact, nevertheless, and fresh official figures just obtained make the showing better than ever for Chicago.

It must be remembered, too, that Chicago is closed by ice for three or four months during winter, while the seaports have all the year round.

The following table gives the number of craft arriving and clearing at eight of the principal seaports for a year, and the number at Chicago for the same time, and it is seen that Chicago's figures are greater than all these combined:

	Arrivals.	Clearances.	Total.
Baltimore	2,246	3,012	5,258
Boston and Charleston.....	3,963	4,189	3,152
New Orleans.....	1,075	1,135	2,210
Philadelphia.....	2,178	2,437	4,615
Portland and Falmouth.....	847	838	1,685
San Francisco.....	1,117	1,270	2,387

Grand Total arrivals and clearances.....24,307

Chicago, total arrivals and clearances.....26,027

Now compare New York, New Orleans, Portland and Falmouth, and San Francisco, all combined:

	Arrivals.	Clearances.	Total.
New York.....	9,065	9,923	18,988
New Orleans.....	1,075	1,135	2,210
Portland & Falmouth.....	845	838	1,685
San Francisco.....	1,117	1,270	2,387

Grand total arrivals and clearances.....25,270

Chicago, total arrivals and clearances.....26,027

COMPARE THE FIGURES.

Below are given the receipts and shipments of some of the leading products and commodities in Chicago by lake the past season (1883). A comparison of these figures with those above will indicate clearly the growth of Chicago's lake commerce since 1854.

Lumber received, feet.....	1,710,130,000
Shingles received, No.....	1,114,617,000
Lath received, No.....	52,350,000
Grain shipped, bu.....	63,091,607
Flour shipped, brls.....	775,523
Flaxseed shipped, bu	1,624,597
Timothy seed shipped, bu.....	252,800
Coal received, tons.....	919,700
Iron ore received, tons.....	64,689
Pig iron received, tons.....	22,210
Salt received in sacks.....	62,883
Salt received in brls.....	175,449

Salt received in bulk, tons	14,724
Pork shipped, brls.....	60,068
Lard shipped, tcs.....	77,707
Beef shipped, brls.....	5,872

The several lines of propellers from Buffalo and other lower lake ports brought up several hundred thousand tons of merchandise, but no record is kept.

The number of vessels arriving and clearing at Chicago during the past season was 26,027.

The following table, showing the arrivals and clearances of vessels in Chicago for a series of years—since 1861—speaks for itself. Chicago made a great stride in 1862, and with few exceptional seasons, has steadily gained ever since.

Year.	—Arrivals—		—Clearances—	
	No.	Tonnage.	No.	Tonnage.
1862.....	7,417	1,931,692	7,270	1,915,554
1863.....	8,678	2,172,611	8,457	2,161,221
1864.....	8,938	2,172,866	8,224	2,166,004
1865.....	10,112	2,106,859	10,067	2,092,276
1866.....	11,084	2,258,527	11,115	2,361,529
1867.....	12,230	2,588,272	12,140	2,512,676
1868.....	13,174	2,984,591	13,225	3,020,812
1869.....	13,730	3,123,400	13,872	3,149,916
1870.....	12,739	3,049,265	12,438	3,983,912
1871.....	12,230	3,096,101	12,312	3,082,235
1872.....	12,824	3,059,752	12,531	3,017,790
1873.....	11,858	3,225,911	11,876	3,338,803
1874.....	10,827	3,195,633	10,720	3,134,078
1875.....	10,488	3,122,004	10,607	3,157,051
1876.....	9,621	3,089,072	9,628	3,078,264
1877.....	10,233	3,274,332	10,284	3,311,083
1878.....	10,490	3,608,534	10,494	3,631,139
1879.....	11,859	3,887,095	12,014	3,870,300
1880.....	13,218	4,616,969	13,302	4,537,382
1881.....	13,026	4,533,558	12,957	4,228,689
1882.....	13,307	4,849,950	13,626	4,904,999

There are fleets of craft on the lakes now measuring over 2,000 tons each, custom house measurement, and which carry at a single cargo from 2,000 to 3,000 tons of freight. Most of these craft ply to and from Chicago. Some of them take out 110,000 bushels of corn or 140,000 bushels of oats at a single cargo. There is a depth of 18 to 20 feet of water into the harbor, and it is all needed for the monster craft which come and go. The American lake shipping is estimated now at a value of \$150,000,000 and a large half of it "trades" to Chicago, bringing in coal, iron, salt, merchandise, etc., and taking away cargoes of grain, etc.

III.

As before stated, we came from Buffalo by team, and, on leaving the lake shore and rounding the point of woods about Thirty-first street, we found ourselves, for the first time, on a wide expanse of level prairie, bounded on the west by a belt of timber which lined the banks of the south branch of the river, a mile or two distant. Three or four miles to the north of the point where we stood lay the village of Chicago, stretching from the lake some half mile or more to the west, along the bank of the river, the white houses and stores, together with the buildings and fence of the garrison grounds, giving it quite a pleasant and cheerful appearance under the genial rays of the wintry sun, especially as seen after the storm and tedious journey of the previous few days. The grass looked brown, for it was long enough to hide from view the slight sprinkling of snow that had fallen a few days before, but the ground was frozen solid, though yet in October. There was but one building between us and the village, and that was a log barn, standing about Twentieth street. To the east of us was the beautiful lake, on the bosom of which we could now and then, between the hills of sand that lined its bank, catch sight of two schooners that lay at anchor half or three-quarters of a mile from land, lazily rising and falling with the swell of the waves as they rolled into shore from the effect of the late northeaster. Again turning our eyes landward, as we slowly walked beside a yoke of plodding

oxen, which a kind friend had sent to meet us and help our weary horses over the sandy beach from Michigan City, we gazed upon the scene before us. Wondering if the place would answer the glowing description we had heard of it and realize our expectations, we kept the beaten track to about Adams street, where we turned directly westward across the prairie in the direction of the bridge thrown across the river between Randolph and Lake streets, but changed our course about Clark street, where we turned north and made for the center of the village, between Franklin and LaSalle streets, near the river. Here we had to wait an hour or two until we could find some place in which to spend the night. We at last found shelter under the roof of a log boarding house, kept by a Mrs. Brown, as, I think, I stated in a former letter. While waiting around that afternoon, we had ample time to make a few notes of our surroundings. What few buildings there were on the south side, were built on the prairie, about a hundred feet from the river, with an Indian trail, deeply indented in the soil, running close to it along its bank. There was no road or street thrown up, but the houses and stores were scattered here and there from about State street, on the east, to the forks of the river westward. On the west side were several buildings, on the north side, east of Dearborn street, was also a cluster of small houses. From Dearborn street west, the north side was one dense forest, with the exception of a couple of log buildings and a house and barn, situated on the point made by a north branch as it emptied into the main stream, where Judge Harmon resided.

Such was the general aspect of the place as seen from the spot where we stood, near Franklin street. The building that attracted most of our attention that evening, as it was near to us, and had five or six windows on the side fronting on Franklin street, was the meeting house, probably about 16x24 owned, so we afterwards found, by the Baptists, but then used, being the only one in the village, by the Presbyterians and Methodists as well. It was a common frame building, void of paint or other outside adornment. The fitting up inside was of the most primitive character. The seats were made of common, planed boards, without any backs, if I remember right. The reading desk, on a platform slightly raised, was of the same rough material, but the Gospel was preached there weekly, in all its purity, by three as good men as could be found in the pulpit of the present day, the Rev. Mr. Freeman, the Baptist, who preached in the morning, and soon left this world, I trust for a better; the Rev. Jeremiah Porter, still living among us, who preached in the afternoon; and Rev. Henry Whitehead, then a resident of the city, but since deceased, in the evening. The singing was led, such as it was, by a sergeant from the garrison, who usually sang "Old Hundred," or some such tune, with a nasal twang that was dreadful to listen to. The congregation generally averaged about thirty to thirty-five. The house in the afternoon was pretty well filled with children attending Sunday school.

The Rev. Mr. Porter, in his speech at the unveiling of the tablet, said the first Sunday school in the village was commenced by Maj. Wilcox in the garrison,

but Mrs. Charles Taylor informs me that she commenced the first Sunday school in their log house on Wolf Point, or West Water street, where she dwelt as early as 1832, having five or six scholars, two of La Framboise's, an Indian chief, being among them; she also says she was the only white woman that staid outside the garrison, in the Indian scare of that year, when all gathered there to seek protection from the Indians who threatened them with capture.

It was also stated at the same time, by the on. John Wentworth, in his speech, that Col. Beaubien brought the first piano into the city, whereas it was Samuel Brookes who brought it with him from London in 1833, and rented it out to the colonel for a few months, afterward selling it to him. I don't know as it is of much consequence, but we might as well have it correct, as perhaps it was the only one in the state at that time.

Mr. Porter held the evening meetings weekly, in a small log building situated on Water street, between Dearborn and State streets, used in the day time for a school room, and occupied by Miss Chappel and a few scholars. Such was the commencement of three of the largest denominations in this city of beautiful churches. It seems hardly credible that fifty-seven years should have made such a change. But it is the same with everything. The first private school, as I said before, was kept by Miss Chappel, who soon became Mrs. J. Porter, followed afterward in the school by Miss Barrow, in the spring, who increased the number with a few larger scholars.

The first public school was, I think, opened on the north side, and taught by a Mr. Watkins, in the fall

of 1834. A small building on the south side on Dearborn street was occupied as a public school, in 1835, Geo. Davis, one of our party, a well-known character in Chicago for years afterward, being the teacher. Such was the small beginning of the splendid school system of the present day. Who could have thought, in their wildest dreams for the future, that such splendid structures as we now have, containing their thousands of children, would ever have been erected on the wet prairie surrounding the village at that time. The first brick public school was built on Madison street, between Dearborn and State, in 1844.

There were several hotels in Chicago, when we arrived—the Mansion House, near State, on Lake street; the Sauganash, on Market, kept that winter by Mark Beaubien; Ingersoll's on West Water street then known as Wolf Point, facing the main river,—a log building with a piazza in front of it; and the Green Tree Hotel that stood until lately on Canal street, north of Lake, the building of which was then not quite finished. These were all filled to overflowing with boarders and travelers, but how many each cared for I can not say. Of course the accommodations for the comfort of their guests were of the roughest and most primitive kind—a dirty barroom, full of smoke, was all the sitting room provided for gentlemen at any rate, whatever they might have had for ladies. As for the tables they set—well, I suppose they did the best they could, for certainly there were few dainties to be purchased that winter for love or money, and the appliances for cooking were very far from what they now are. In many, a pot hung over a wood-fire, a frying pan and a baking

pot being about all they had for culinary purposes in those days.

There were several stores. John Wright's, between Dearborn and State streets, was the most easterly. Then there were two small stores near the corner of Dearborn—one used as a bake-shop and the other as a grocery or saloon. Between Dearborn and Clark streets were several buildings used as stores and dwelling houses. Medore Beaubien had a store just west of Dearborn. Then came two or three dwellings, and then the stores kept by Pruyne & Kimberly, C. L. Harmon, and George W. Dole. Still west of these were Walter Kimball and P. F. W. Peck, on the corner of La Salle. Philo Carpenter kept a drug store in a log building on the river bank. Then John S. C. Hogan kept a store and postoffice in an old log building on the corner of Lake and Water streets. John Bates, until lately living in Chicago, was clerking for him at that time. I have heard him say he used to keep the letters in an old boot-top before we came. He was killed by the cars two or three years since.

But they had got further advanced than that on our arrival, as they had a few rough board pigeon-holes back of the counter, where they used to put the few letters or papers that came to the village.

Just south of Hogan's store, on Market street, was the Sauganash Hotel, where Mark Beaubien, who died in 1882, used to keep tavern and play his violin every evening to amuse his guests. Opposite that was the bridge across the river. And such a bridge! It was built of round logs, cut from the adjoining woods, Four logs, framed together, making a square called a bent, one end of which was sunk in the river, leaving

the top of it about three feet above the surface of the water. There were two of these sunk in the middle of the stream, about thirty feet apart. Then straight, round logs were thrown from the bank of the river, from either side, on to these bents, others crossed from bent to bent, and small trees, about six inches in diameter and ten feet long, were laid transversely on the logs, making the roadway. These were thrown on loose—no spike or pin being used. There were no rails on the sides, and as it shook and trembled under every team that crossed over, it was not surprising that once in a while a span of horses should jump into the river. I saw one myself that winter—a splendid team, just driven in from Detroit, and the best in the city—plunge into the river and drown before we could help them. The only wonder was that the four-horse stage wagon managed to get safely over so many times.

After crossing the bridge, at the corner of West Lake and West Water streets, Bob Kinzie as he was familiarly called, kept the largest store in town, though chiefly filled with goods for the Indian trade. There were besides Kinzie's on the west side, some three or four small groceries, where liquor was retailed.

On the north side, east of Dearborn street, there were two or three small stores and groceries, and several houses on North Water street, a small brick house near North State street being then the only one in the village. That belonged to Charles Chapman, a notorious character in those days. East of Rush street, on the river bank, was a building occupied by Newberry & Dole, who did the forwarding business

of the place in a couple of large covered wagons that made continual trips to Galena, which was then a flourishing town near the Mississippi, and doing quite an extensive business with the miners.

Such was the Chicago of those days. You can fancy how many houses it would take to accommodate about 300 people, when half of them boarded in the taverns and boarding houses, and the other half were crowded into small dwellings and rooms over the stores. Still east of the warehouse was a white-washed log house, with a row of poplar trees before it,—the former residence of John Kinzie, whose son was at this time living in a spacious log house fronting the river on the north side, about State street. Beyond, and still further to the east, were to be seen the beautiful waters of Lake Michigan, the shores of which were not then disfigured by either buildings or piers. But it did not long remain so, as the coming winter saw the laborers, with the accustomed shanties, occupying the sandy beach on the north side of the river, where they were soon busily at work for the government, constructing the harbor and turning the course of the river into its present channel.

To the south of the village was an almost interminable prairie said to be 300 miles in length, with only one belt of timber to break the monotony of its level surface, reaching, as we were told, to the most southern point of the state, to which you could travel by crossing only that one small belt of timber, before mentioned—not a quarter of a mile in width. The country immediately around the village was very low and wet, the banks of the river not being more than three or four feet above the level of the water.

More than one-third of the river was covered with wild rice, leaving but a small stream in the center.

Parties informed us that in the spring we should find it almost impossible to get around for the mud—a truth very forcibly illustrated when a few months later I got into a wagon to go about a mile and a half northwest, to a house Daniel Elston was building on the west side of the river. It was with the greatest difficulty that two good horses could pull the empty wagon through the two feet of mud and water across the prairie we had to pass. I once heard Mr. Elston's place called "the mud farm" not an inappropriate name for it at that time. A year or two later I saw many teams stuck fast in the streets of the village. I remember once a stage coach got mired on Clark street, opposite the present Sherman House, where it remained several days with a board driven in the mud at the side of it bearing this inscription: "No bottom here." I once saw a lady stuck in the mud in the middle of Randolph street at the crossing of La Salle. She was evidently in need of help, as every time she moved she sank deeper and deeper. An old gentleman from the country, seeing the situation, offered to help her, which had such an effect upon her modesty that with one desperate effort she drew her feet out minus her shoes, which were afterward found over a foot deep in the mire, and reached the sidewalk in her stockings. I could tell innumerable tales of the dreadfully muddy roads we had to encounter, but a few such will suffice.

In 1838 or '39, the only way two of our most fashionable young ladies from the north side could get to the Presbyterian church on Clark street, near Lake,

was by riding in a cart, with robes thrown on the bottom, on which they sat. I once saw those same ladies dumped on the sidewalk in front of the church, through the negligence of their driver in not putting in the bolt. Another story, told in a lecture given by Jas. A. Marshall, is rather more than I can vouch for. It was this: That our minister, who was then a young bachelor, in walking home with a young lady from Wednesday evening meeting, got into a slough, and in their endeavors to extricate themselves kept sinking deeper and deeper, until they were more than waist-deep in mud and water, and that it was only from their screaming for help that assistance came, and saved them from a muddy and watery grave. I know of no slough that was deep enough for that, except one running south from the river about State street, gradually lessening to about Adams street. There was a very wet spot, or slough on Clark street, south of Washington. The village trustees, wishing to drain it, and having no funds on hand, applied to Strachan & Scott, the first brokers that came here, for a loan of \$60. But the wary Scotchmen refused to let them have it, unless E. B. Williams endorsed it, which he did. This was probably the first loan made by the city of Chicago. Compare it with the millions she has borrowed since; what a contrast!

Before leaving the subject, I must say a few words respecting the early efforts of our city fathers to effectually drain the village. As I have said before, Chicago was very low and exceedingly wet. The first effort made was on Lake street, where, after mature deliberation, our village solons passed an or-

dinance for the digging out of the street to the depth of three feet,—a little the deeper in the center. This naturally drained the lots contiguous to it; and, on being covered with long, heavy plank, or timber, running from the sidewalk to the center of the roadway, for a few months after it was finished made a very good street. But it was soon found that heavy teams going over it worked the timbers into the mud; and it was consequently spuish, squash, until at last, in wet weather, the mud would splash up into the horses faces, and the plan was condemned as a failure. It was tried two or three years, when the planks were removed, and it was filled up two or three feet above the original surface. This was found to work better, as it naturally would, and the same system of filling up has been continued from time to time, until some of the streets are five or six feet above the original surface of the prairie. The filling up answered a double purpose; as it not only made better roads, but it enabled the owners of the adjoining lots to have good cellars without going much below the level of the prairie, thus getting a drainage into the river. The first year or two we were here, there was not a cellar in Chicago. A good joke was told about the first brick Tremont House that was put up. Of course it was at first built to the grade of that period; but as the grade was every now and then established higher and still higher, it at last left the hotel three or four feet below the surface of the road in front of it, and steps were built around it both on Lake and Dearborn streets for the convenience of persons going there or passing along the sidewalk. A wag of a fellow, from New Orleans,

while visiting here, wrote back to his paper that they need not talk any more about the low lands of New Orleans, for Chicago had got a brick-hotel five stories high that was so heavy that it had sank into the soft soil several feet, and had forced the ground up into the street around it. I must say it had that appearance. The building was afterwards raised eight feet, bringing it up to the grade, and making cellars and basement underneath. It was the first brick building ever raised in Chicago, and the raising was done at a cost to the proprietors, Ira and James Couch, of some \$45,000. The contractor, I think, came from Boston, and many were the prophecies that the building would fall down during the process. But it was raised without the breaking of a pane of glass, although it was 160x180 feet. After the success attending the raising of the Tremont, many others were raised to grade, and at last one-half of a block of heavy buildings on Lake street were successfully raised. It took 5,000 screws and 500 men to accomplish it.

The North Side, between the river and north State street, was very wet,—the water lay six to nine inches deep the year round,—and on the West Side, for ten miles out, the water lay in places two feet deep, and in wet weather the whole surface was covered with water, with the exception of the two ridges between the city and the Desplaines river. I built, in the fall of '36, on the corner of Washington and Jefferson streets, and many a time had to wade ankle-deep in water to get there, before I cut a ditch to the river to drain it. On taking a trip to the northwest, in the spring of '35, the water

was so deep a little north of Fullerton avenue, on the Milwaukee road, that it came into the wagon-box several times before we reached the ridge at Jefferson. In going out to a convention, June 1, 1840, there was so much water on the prairie west of the city that it took us nearly the whole day to reach Doty's Hotel, on the ridge about ten miles west of the Court House. We were of course traveling in wagons as that was long before the era of railroads. But I have said enough to show the soil of Chicago and surrounding country. It certainly was decidedly a very low and wet spot on which to build a city, the only wonder is that it has become the magnificent city we boast of at the present day with such splendid blocks of buildings equal in elegance, size and durability to any to be found either in London or Paris, in 1874. We had hardly been here a week, when a neighbor's calf dying the wolves came after it, making night hideous with their howling, so we set a trap for them and caught one by the hind leg. With a little trouble we got him into a sack and carried him over the river on the corner of State and Adams streets on the prairie where we set the dogs after him. He made fast time for the woods on the South branch, but the greyhound, with his superior speed, soon caught him, and, biting his haunch brought him to bay, when the foxhound, coming up, took hold of him by the neck, and never gave up the fight until she laid him dead at our feet. The greyhound, getting his jaw locked with the wolf's, wanted no more of it, but stood calmly by while the other killed him.

This was my first affair with wolves. They were

then very numerous. In crossing from Clark street to Clybourn bridge, through the woods, one time, I saw five of them devouring the remains of a cow. They looked so savage that, having no gun with me I thought discretion the better part of valor, and made considerable of a detour to avoid them, though I never heard of them attacking any person. I often came across three or four on the road between Elston's and Lake Street bridge, sitting in the road, baying the moon.

The officers of the garrison, having nothing much to do, used to kill large numbers of them. They met every Wednesday, with others, on horseback, and eight or ten dogs with them, in front of the old Sauganash, on Market street, then kept by Mark Beaubien, who up to the time of his death was seen at times, playing the same old fiddle with which he used to electrify and amuse his patrons in the bar-room, fifty-six or seven years before. Here they organized for the day's hunt, and often killed five or six wolves before night.

Once, when I was coming down in the stage from Milwaukee, the snow being very deep and the sleighing excellent, as it had been for some weeks,—so much so that Frink & Walker's stage horses had grown fat and frisky, and consequently were in good running order,—there happened to be no one in the sleigh but myself, and the driver was hardly able to control his spirited team. When about six miles from town we saw a large wolf making his tedious way through the deep snow, evidently pretty well tired out. He came into the track a short distance ahead of us, and laid down. I suggested to the

driver that we might have a first-rate wolf-hunt, as I knew, after his late experience, he would keep to the smooth track as long as he could, and, when he turned out, I was to jump off and kill him with an ax-handle, a dozen of which happened to be in the sleigh. The horses soon increased their speed, seeming to enjoy it as much as ourselves, and got into a full gallop after the wolf, who ran them a splendid race for a couple of miles, when he turned out of the road into the deep snow and I, in the excitement of the chase forgetting the great speed at which we were going, according to the program jumped from the sleigh and rolled over and over in two feet of snow. When I recovered myself, the stage was half a mile ahead and the wolf, fifty feet behind me, lay panting on the prairie. When I began to approach him, he showed such a splendid row of teeth in his jaws, and snapped them in such a significant manner, that I thought I might as well leave him, as evening was coming on, and I had to walk two or three miles to the nearest house. The horses had got past all control, and never stopped until they reached Powell's Tavern, their usual watering-place, about two and one-half miles from the village. The driver, however, put them on the back track to meet me,—expecting he said, to find me skinning the wolf; but in that he was mistaken.

So much for wolf-hunting and wolves. I presume I shall never see another, except some poor imprisoned thing in an iron cage or in the parks.

As for that bear story Mr. Wilson told about, it is actually true insofar as taking a large bear out of the lake, five or six miles northeast of Waukegan.

I was going up to Milwaukee at that time, in one of the large steamers, and was sitting reading in the cabin, when the Captain rushed in, evidently very much excited, snatched his glass from the table, and, in answer to my inquiry of what was the matter, said there was something in the lake about two miles ahead, and they could not make out what it was. Of course my book was dropped in a moment, and I hastened after the Captain to the bow of the boat, where I found most of the few passengers on board anxiously trying to make out this strange object. The Captain, after examination by his glass, first said it was a horse, then a deer, and, on getting nearer, declared it to be a bear, and decided at once that he would catch him at all hazard, and, calling for volunteers, found no want of men willing to undertake the task. So the small boat was lowered, with four stalwart sailors at the oars, the mate at the helm, and a man at the bow, with a rope, in which he made a slip-noose. They started for poor Bruin, who, when he found they were after him, made most excellent time for the middle of the lake, and for a mile or two led them a splendid race before they came up with him. After two or three attempts, the man at the bow threw the fatal noose over his head. Directly the bear found he was caught, he turned and made for the boat, evidently intending to carry the war into the enemy's camp; but they were too quick for him, evidently not liking the idea of having him for a passenger. So they turned and rowed for the steamer with all their might. This brought poor Bruin's nose under the water, and by the time they reached the steamboat, which had

been following pretty close in the wake of the pursuers, he was almost drowned. The rope was thrown to us on deck, on to which we soon hauled him, and then held a council-of-war as to what should be done with him. It was at first suggested that he should be chained up, and a large chain was brought and put round his neck. Then some ladies came to look at him, and exclaimed, "Oh, the horrid great creature! do kill him!" Some person standing by put his hand on the animal's heart, and said he was fast recovering, and, if he was not killed, would soon be master of the boat. On which a bevy of female and some male voices, cried out to the Captain to have him killed at once. On a butcher offering to do the job, the Captain consented, and the bear was doomed to have his throat cut and die an ignominious death like any common porker. He was a noble fellow, black and tan, seven or eight feet in length, and, when he was skinned, showed such claws and muscles the volunteers rejoiced that he did not make good his entry into the boat, for he would certainly have driven them all into the water if they had escaped his claws and teeth.

Now for the fish story told in the *Journal*: It is a fact that I speared an extraordinarily large muskallonge about four or five miles up the North Branch of the river. "The *North Branch* of the river!" I think I hear some one exclaim; "that horrid, stinking cesspool of filth and turbid water! A nice place to fish!" But you must remember it was not always so. In those early times, in 1833, it was a clear, sparkling stream, with quite a strong current, especially near the dam, five miles from the city, over

which the water rippled and ran, making a soft, soothing, murmuring sound heard on that still winter's night for a considerable time before we reached it. With a lantern at the head of the canoe, in which we burnt hickory bark stripped from the trees on the bank of the river, there was no difficulty in seeing the fish at the bottom, even in six feet of water. I always supposed *that* was the largest fish ever taken in these waters, and still claim it to be so, notwithstanding Friend Wilson asserts that Capt. Luther Nichols speared one a few pounds heavier than mine. The one I caught measured five and one-half feet in length and weighed twenty-eight and one-half pounds. Dr. John Temple, who then lived on Lake street, between Wells and Franklin, being down at the river, catching sight of it on the opposite side, took the trouble to get a canoe and cross the river to see it, remarking that it was the largest he had ever seen, and many times after said the same. When I first saw it, it had two mates of about the same size, all swimming in a row. I thrust the spear into the middle of its body; but it would not hold, and slipped off. We immediately dropped down the stream, and after replenishing the fire at the head of the boat again ascended the river, and soon heard the poor creature blowing like a porpoise. It was floating with the current with its head out of the water, into which I again thrust the spear, and after a great struggle, succeeded in dragging him into the canoe; even then it floundered about so that we were nearly upset, and it took several blows of the hatchet on its head before I could quiet it.

Many times in the spring of '34 I fished in the

lake with a seine, the garrison-officers used to furnish the men to do the work, and a good boat, and we often made famous hauls.

Perhaps some of our readers would like to know what other amusements we had, and how we spent our evenings in those early times. Checkers was a common game in the stores in the daytime, as well as in the evening—as storekeepers had plenty of leisure while waiting for customers. After they shut up for the night, cards were brought out pretty extensively—sometimes they had champagne suppers. But they used to keep such parties up half the night and sometimes paid dear for it in the morning.

Those religiously inclined went to prayer-meeting at least once a week. Then when boarders and travelers were satisfied as to the inner man in the old Sauganash Hotel, Mark Beaubien would bring out his fiddle and play for those who wished to trip the light fantastic toe. To be sure, there were no theaters, no concert halls, or reading rooms. New York papers were twenty or thirty days old when we got them, and there were but few books in the place. A man came into our house one day, and, seeing some shelves full of old books, asked if we kept a bookstore. The fact is, that in the winter of 1833-'34 amusements of any kind were few and far between, although we made the most of what there were. One fine moonlight night, when the ice was good, the *whole* of Chicago turned out for a skate and a frolic. There must have been at least a hundred persons on the river between Wells street and the Forks. Then we had good sleighing for a short time, and you would have laughed to have seen the

splendid turnouts improvised from crockery crates and sugar hogsheads. There were only two cutters in town, but it did not take many tools or much time to make something that would glide over the frozen snow. A good handy fellow with an ax, drawing knife, and augur would go into the woods, cut down two straight young saplings, shave off a little where they bent up for the thills or shafts, bore six or eight holes, into which they drove the standards a foot high, put cross-pieces on twelve or fifteen inches from the ground on which they laid the crate, filled that with hay, and the sleigh was ready for use in less than half a day. The same plan was pursued with the sugar hogshead, only that was cut half-way down in front, and a seat put across the back in the inside of it, and you had a sleigh which, covered with robes, was as warm and as comfortable as the best of cutters. Then the young bloods of the town—we used to have *such* even in those days—got up a splendid sleighing party, I think it was on the 1st of January, when they came out with the Government yawl-boat on runners, drawn by four good horses, and covered with robes, with as many bells jingling on the harness as they could find in the village, and thus equipped, made the streets ring again with their merriment and laughter. Unfortunately for them, they got treated so well wherever they called, that by evening they began to feel the effects of it, and determined to have a grand spree, which ended in smashing up the best saloon in town, for which they paid next morning, it was *said*, without a murmur, the sum of \$800. But what was that, when they used to say they could lay down a

sixpence at the backdoor at night, and it would be a dollar in the morning?

There was very little visiting done among the ladies, as they had all they could attend to at home, servant girls being very scarce; in fact, the houses of those days were not well calculated for company, most of them being about 16x20, a story and a-half high with a lean-to. The house we lived in that winter, on the corner of Kinzie and Rush streets, was about as large as any in town; but unfortunately it was not completed, being neither lathed nor plastered, not even sheathed, and we had nothing to protect us from the weather when the thermometer marked 20 degrees below zero, but rough siding nailed on the studs. Fortunately we had warm clothing, and would almost roast in front of a huge wood-fire in the large chimney, common in those days, while our backs were covered with thick cloaks to keep from freezing. I actually had my cup freeze to the saucer while sitting at the table at breakfast. Stoves were not to be had, and cooking was done under great disadvantages. Pots were boiled hanging from a hook over the wood-fire, and bread baked in a baking pot, with hot wood ashes on the cover above, and also underneath it. I wonder what ladies would think of such conveniences now, when girls turn up their noses, unless they have hot and cold water at hand, and stationary tubs to wash in. Then the water was brought from the river in pails. The most fashionable boarding-house was kept in a log-building about 16x24 feet; there forty persons daily took their meals,—how many slept there I could not say. I know they took in our whole party of

sixteen the first night in Chicago, besides their regular boarders, and set the table for breakfast until about dinner-time, and dinner till supper-time.

Chicago in those early days was but a small village on the very outskirts of civilized life, with very few of the conveniences, and, I may say, none of the comforts of life. The furniture in the houses was of the most primitive kind,—common wooden chairs and a deal table; some even had to put up with forms to sit on. Before spring, flour became so scarce that \$28 a barrel was given for it, and it was a favor to get it at that. It was the same with other commodities that we now think absolutely necessary for our tables. Potatoes were not to be had; butter the same; and we were at last reduced to beef, pork and corn-meal. I think the molasses did hold out, but corn-meal cakes were generally eaten with pork fat. I don't know what we should have done had not navigation opened up early that year and permitted the good ship *Westward Ho*, a small craft about eighteen or twenty feet long, the only vessel that wintered in the river, to make regular trips to St. Jo and bring back a cargo of ten or twelve barrels of flour each time. During the winter if a stray Hoosier wagon or prairie-schooner, as we used to call them, happened to find its way so far north, as they sometimes did, with a few crocks of butter, dried apples, smoked bacon, hams, etc., the whole village would be after the wagon to get hold of the precious commodities. The scarcity lasted till spring, when, on the 7th of May, we were gladdened by the sight of a schooner in the offing, laden with flour and provisions from Detroit. She had to lay

half a mile from shore, while the three or four Mackinaw boats used for that purpose made trips to unload her.

The boats used were made of birch bark, very light, and were the only ones that could cross the bar at the mouth of the river with any load. Her freight was fortunately consigned to an honest man, who preferred to sell it at a fair price,—\$10 a barrel,—although he was offered \$25 a barrel for the whole cargo. Mr. Dole's name was known in that transaction over the whole country from here to the Mississippi for years after.

From this time the village began gradually to improve. A bridge was built over the river at Dearborn street, doing away with the necessity of the canoe ferry that had been run the season before. The number of inhabitants had increased to 700 or 800—400 or 500 more than were here the October previous. I went east in May and returned in the following November, when I found a great change for the better. There were two quite respectable hotels built on Lake street and several stores. The first person who ventured to move so far south as the corner of LaSalle and Lake streets, about 400 feet apart, was called "the prairie tailor." The Presbyterians, who before had worshipped in a small, rough building, on the corner of Franklin and South Water streets, had put up a small church on Clark street, near Lake. The ladies began to hold their society meetings regularly, and got up a fair that was quite a success; and in the winter of 1834-5, a piano that had been brought from London by Mr. Brookes, then the only one in the place or in the

State, for what I know, was taken from the store where it had been since our arrival, and Mrs. B., assisted by George Davis and others, gave several concerts, to the great delight and amusement of the citizens. What memories cluster around those names. George was the life and soul of any company he might be in, and there are many old citizens yet left in Chicago who will remember his comical songs—"The Mogul" and "The Blue-Bottle Fly," for instance—that always used to bring forth rounds of applause, while Mrs. B., who accompanied him on the piano, played those old-fashioned pieces of martial music—"The Battle of Prague," and others—that were great favorites with the audience, who made the house ring with their plaudits. They have both passed away, I trust to a better world, but to many of their old friends and descendants still with us, these lines will bring back many pleasant memories.

The summer of 1835 brought still greater improvements, as well as a large increase in the number of inhabitants. The Lake House, a large, brick hotel, was built on the corner of Kinzie and Rush streets. There were also some stores erected on North Water street, and a great effort made, unsuccessfully, however, to carry the trade to the North Side. On South Water street, also, several stores had been erected. In the winter of 1835 and 1836, weekly dancing parties were inaugurated at the Lake House, and four-horse sleighs and wagons sent around to collect the fair ladies who attended them. The first winter here, there were but two unmarried ladies in the village of a suitable age, and one of them got married

before spring, but in 1835 and '36 their number had largely increased. From this time society seemed to take upon itself a more decided form, rising from the chaos in which it had before been. In the spring of 1836, in May, there was a large gathering of speculators from the east to attend the Canal sales, and Chicago began to be appreciated more than ever. The citizen made more money and put on more airs. I remember that summer the boarders at the Lake House passed a resolution, partly in joke, of course, that they would not have any but rich men staying there, putting the sum that they were to be worth at \$10,000. The contrast from that to a rich man of the present day is great. From this time the city grew rapidly in wealth, numbers, and importance, and, as there are many who were residents at that time better able to write it up than myself, I will conclude this long article, trusting you will pardon me for taking up so much space in your valuable paper.

In my last communication to you, I gave my views of Chicago and surrounding country as it was in 1833 and 1834, and I supposed that everybody that was acquainted with the place in those early days would certainly have agreed with me that it was decidedly very low and wet. But Mr. G. S. Hubbard, one of our oldest and most respected citizens, says I gave a wrong impression in saying that the roads in the surrounding country and the streets of the city were always bad and impassable. I did not say so, but did say that, on our arrival here in the fall of '33, parties told us we would find it a very muddy place in the spring. And so we certainly did, and I gave

many items corroborating those views. But in a dry season, in the summer and fall, I admit the roads were as level and smooth as could be desired, and the only drawback against comfortable traveling was the clouds of dust that enveloped us on crossing the prairie. But I am now going to give a few reminiscences of trips made in those early times to neighboring places, and also a journey to the east in the spring of '34, which I think will perhaps be interesting to some readers, who now ride over the same ground with such comfort and ease in Pullman cars or splendid steamers.

The first trip I took was to the east, when the common route was by stage-wagon that ran days and laid up nights, taking about five days to Detroit. But, preferring water to land, when compelled to ride in that style, I crossed Lake Michigan to St. Joseph some sixty miles in a small sail-boat called the "Westward Ho," about eighteen to twenty feet in length, that had wintered here, and had made weekly trips across the lake during the spring bringing over about ten barrels of flour as her full cargo. The forward part of the vessel was decked over for about eight feet, in which there were four berths, and in one of these the captain ensconced himself as soon as we were fairly out in the lake, leaving a man who was working his passage to steer. But he knowing nothing of steering or navigation, and the wind changing a little, he headed her again for Chicago, and on arriving outside, at the mouth of the river, he called the captain up to take her in, at which he was mad enough, swearing he had a great mind to throw him overboard. But we headed again for St.

Joe, arriving there about seven the next morning. Toward evening of the day we left, the captain had again taken himself to his berth, leaving me to steer through the night, which, fortunately, was as lovely and calm a one as ever was seen in the month of May. St. Joe was then like most western villages. Consisting of a tavern, a pretty good one, at which we breakfasted, a blacksmith-shop, store, and several houses. From there I walked through the woods to Niles, distant a little over thirty miles, and situated on the river St. Joe. Niles was a little larger, and a village of more importance, than St. Joe, as it was on the stage-road from Chicago to Detroit. I walked over the road the next day about forty miles to White-Pigeon Prairie, and from there, the following day, forty-five miles to Coldwater, another village of about the same size as those before described. I was there overtaken by the stage from Chicago and also by a farmer's wagon, both bound for Detroit. I took passage with the latter, but exchanged with a friend from Chicago who soon after arrived on horseback, and, being weary of his ride, I gladly took his place, and rode into Detroit, then a city containing 8,000 to 10,000 inhabitants. From there I took the steamer to Buffalo, which made semi-weekly trips between the two cities.

Buffalo was hardly as much of a city as Detroit, although it claimed some 8,000 inhabitants. From there I took a little steamer that made daily trips down the Niagara river to the falls and landed us on the Canadian side, above the Clifton House, which was then just built, and was the only hotel on either side of the falls, which might then be seen in all their

native grandeur, before the hand of man had done what it could to destroy its sublimity. From there a line of stages run to Niagara, a small village on the river a few miles from lake Ontario, from which place a steamer crossed the lake to Toronto, my destination. I stayed there until the following November, when I returned to Chicago over the same route, and in about the same manner, except that I walked from Detroit to Niles. The roads for fifty miles west from Detroit were literally impassable; at least twenty loaded teams were stuck in the mud and abandoned. From Niles I took stage to Chicago; the little vessel in which I crossed the lake in the spring having gone to the bottom.

The next trip I took was in the spring of '35, when myself and a friend hired a couple of Indian ponies, and, with blankets strapped behind us, started in a northwesterly direction to the point of land afterwards known as Dutchman's Point about twelve miles from the village. Then, striking an Indian trail that led to the Desplaines river, about fifteen miles from here, where Allison's bridge now is, we crossed the river on the ice, following the trail on the west side of the stream, still in a northerly direction, until we arrived at a spot a little west of Waukegan. The country through which we traveled was then just as nature made it—a beautiful rolling prairie, without fence or house to mar the delightful views that from time to time came in sight as we rode along. It was then not even surveyed by the Government. I must make one exception as to fences, however, for old Mark Noble had a farm partly fenced in, about six miles from the village on the north branch, which

was the only fencing seen on our ride of forty miles. About thirty miles from the city, in the middle of a prairie, a pioneer had just started building a loghouse, and there was a shanty some ten miles farther up the river to which we were directing our steps, or rather guiding our horses. The ostensible reason for our trip was to take up a claim. It was the fashion then; everybody took up, or made, a claim on 160 acres of Government land, on which they could get a pre-emption, provided they made certain improvements, and, like our neighbors, we must of course have our claim, though what earthly use it was to be to us, unless we were going to turn farmers, I could not say. After having a chat with the pioneer before mentioned, and getting what directions we could from him respecting the location of the shanty where we expected to spend the night, and which, if we missed it, we should have to spend in the open air, we continued our journey. But it was not till about ten o'clock at night, when we had almost given up in despair, that, by the light of the moon, which just then shed its rays on the roof, we, to our great joy, descried it, and though it was but about eight by ten feet in size, and before our arrival had eight occupants—one of them a black man—yet we gladly accepted their hospitality, and made a hearty supper of fried pork and “corn dodgers.” We spent the following day selecting our claims, which we duly staked off, and future parties left them as we made them for more than a year, until sold. In the fall of '35, I drove out west to where the city of Aurora now is. The first store was then just building, by Livingston & Powers, of Chicago, who opened a

branch there. I stopped at Naperville the first night out, then quite a flourishing little village, just recovered from the Indian scare under Blackhawk. I was shown the well where they hid their valuables, and a blind mare in the stable, made so by carrying two men on her back from there to Chicago—about thirty miles. From Naperville to Aurora was about twelve miles, across a prairie without the least sign of habitation. After delivering my load I drove down the river through the woods to where Oswego now stands, intending to go to Plainfield, across another ten mile prairie, for a load of corn, it being very scarce in Chicago, and worth \$1.75 a bushel. But my horses, feeling elated at having an empty wagon behind them, ran away and broke an axle. Fortunately, I was near the only dwelling within six miles. It was but a shanty, ten or twelve feet square, occupied by a man, his wife, and three or four children, but he had an axe, and, with his help, we fixed the wagon so that I could get along with it. By the time that was done it was nearly dark, but, receiving directions from him as to the road, with the assurance that I could not possibly lose my way, I started, and traveled hour after hour, until, coming to a prairie fire, I was enabled to see the time. It was between 12 and 1 o'clock. I supposed before that I was lost; then I was assured of it. So I gave the horses the reins, and let them go their own way. About 2 o'clock I was gladdened with the sight of a light, and found myself in front of the same tavern at Naperville that I had left in the morning. After a little rest I made another start in the morning for

Plainfield, then about the oldest settlement in the country, and got my load of corn.

In 1836, I drove up to Milwaukee, when the most of the village was on the west side of the river and called Kilbourn Town, although they had made a beginning to build up the Cream City even at that early day. The Milwaukee House, a large frame hotel, was just opened, being built on one of the highest hills in the city. It has since been lowered about fifty feet, to bring it on a level with the rest of the town. From my first visit, for twenty years, I went there continually, marked its growth, and many a time listened to the boasts of its citizens that it was going to rival Chicago in its size and growth, and did actually contain as many inhabitants as the Garden City. The runners from the hotel would go on board the eastern boats and tell the passengers such tales of the dreadful sickness and daily deaths in Chicago, that many a one was frightened and deterred from coming here. I was with Capt. Ward on the first steamer that ever entered the river, which was then filled with numerous mud-banks, on which we grounded several times before getting up to where the warves now are. The citizens were about crazy with delight at seeing the boat enter, and got up quite an impromptu glorification. Waukegan (formerly called Little Fort), some 35 miles north of Chicago was not then settled. Kenosha, or Southport as it was called, was just laid out, and Root river, on which is located the city of Racine, was then crossed about three miles from its mouth. In 1842 or '43 I first visited Galena, then quite a city of note, doing a larger wholesale business than Chicago. It was the

center of the mining district for lead, and was the point at which all the shipments were made for the south and east, being the distributing point for the upper Mississippi and northwest. From there Chicago received its first shipment of clarified sugar, bought from an agent of the St. Louis refinery who was stationed there. It was only sixty barrels, but was the forerunner of an immense trade afterwards done with St. Louis, through an agent appointed here. In the fall of 1842, I made two trips to St. Louis for the purchase of sugar and molasses, being the first ever brought into the city direct from the south. The route was from here to Peru by stage, and from there by boat. The water was very low—so much so that there were only two small boats running out of about twenty in the trade. The rest were stuck on the different sand-bars, some ten or twelve being on Beardstown bar. The small boat on which I took passage only drew about two feet of water. Consequently she continued her trips, but was a whole week reaching St. Louis. The deck-hands on board were all slaves, and the way the poor fellows were treated was really shameful. After meals in the cabin everything was swept off the plates into tin pans and then taken below, when the darkies would scramble for the contents like so many hogs. At Beardstown the boat grounded, and the darkies were driven into the water to float a hundred barrels of whisky over the bar. When thus lightened, they pried her over; and yet, with this wretched treatment, they were the jolliest, merriest set of fellows ever seen, singing and playing when they were not at work—as if they had not a trouble or care in the

world. Just opposite Alton, at the entrance to the Mississippi, she struck a snag and nearly sank, but, after running ashore, they stuck their jack coats into the hole and continued their journey to St. Louis as if nothing had happened, reaching the city a few hours afterwards without further mishap. A second trip I made soon after took over two weeks on the river.

There is one other episode in my early travels which I must relate, particularly as it was made with others, and was, I think, the first political convention ever attended by Chicagoans. It was the Presidential canvas of 1840—the year Harrison, the grandfather of the present President, was elected. Some seventy of us were nominated to attend a convention to be held at Springfield, a city some 350 miles south of us, and, as we wished to make a sensation, we determined to get the thing up in style. Great preparations were made. We secured fourteen of the best teams in town, got new canvas covers made for the wagons, and bought four tents. We also borrowed the Government yawl—the largest in the city—had it rigged up as a two-masted ship, set it on the strongest wagon we could find, and had it drawn by six splendid gray horses. Thus equipped, with four sailors on board, a good band of four men and a six-pound cannon to fire occasional salutes, it made quite an addition to our cavalcade of fourteen wagons, we went off with flying colors, amid the cheers and well-wishes of the numerous friends that accompanied us a few miles out. Maj.-Gen., then Capt. Hunter, was our marshal, and the whole delegation was chosen from the best class of citizens, of

whom but few, very few, remain; Gurdon S. Hubbard, lately deceased, Stephen F. Gale, Thomas B. Carter, Robert Freeman, and, Mr. Carter informs me, two of the musicians are still living, being all we could call to mind. It was in 1840, June 7, I think, that we started, leaving the city between 8 and 10 o'clock. From the Three-Mile House to the ridge, ten miles from town, took us about the whole day to accomplish. It was past five o'clock before we got our tents pitched. The prairie was covered with water, and the wagons would often sink up to the axles in mud, making it a most tedious and fatiguing journey. But on reaching the tavern, and finding an old coon there, with a barrel of hard cider on the stoop—emblems of the Whig party—we soon made ourselves jovial around the camp-fire, over which some of our party were busy cooking supper, as it was understood, before starting, that none of the party were to go to taverns, but all fare alike sleeping under the tents. We were, of course, well supplied with buffalo-robies and blankets. These, with a little hay under them, made comfortable beds. We set a watch in true military style, though it was hardly thought necessary, so near to the city. We were astir by sunrise next morning, and, after partaking of breakfast, started again on our journey, reaching Joliet, where we again camped for the night. During the evening we were visited by a few of the citizens, who advised us to put on a strong guard during the night, as a party of Irishmen, at work on the canal, had determined to burn our vessel. On receiving this information, we took measures at once for its protection. The wagons were placed

in a circle, the vessel in the center, and the horses corraled in the enclosure. Then we doubled the guard, which was relieved every two hours, and, thus prepared for any emergency, sought our tents. About 12 or 1 o'clock the guard arrested two men, found sneaking under the wagons, and held them till morning. With that exception we passed a quiet night, but in the morning received decisive information that we should be attacked in fording the river. When all preparations were made for a start, our marshal rode along the line, telling those who had not already done so, to load their arms, consisting of shot-guns and old horse-pistols (revolvers being then unknown), but to be sure and not fire until he gave the word of command. Fortunately we escaped without bloodshed, but it looked very serious for about half an hour. When we reached the ford we found a party of 200 or 300 men and boys assembled to dispute our passage. However, we continued our course surrounded by a howling mob, and part of the time amid showers of stones thrown from the adjoining bluff, until we came to a spot where two stores were built—one on either side of the street—and there we came to a halt, as they had tied a rope from one building to the other, with a red petticoat dangling in the midst used by the Democrats to show disrespect to Gen. Harrison, whom they called the "Old-Woman Candidate." Seeing us brought to a stand, the mob redoubled their shouts and noise from their tin horns, kettles, etc. Gen. Hunter, riding to the front, took in the situation at a glance. It was either forward or fight. He chose the former, and gave the word of command, knowing it would

be at the loss of our masts in the vessel. And sure enough, down came the fore-and-aft topmast with a crash, inciting the crowd to increased violence, noise and tumult. One of the party got so excited that he snatched a tin horn from a boy and struck the marshal's horse. When he made a reach for his pistols, the fellow made a hasty retreat into his store. After proceeding a short distance, we came to an open prairie, and a halt was ordered for repairs, it took less than half an hour for our sailors to go aloft, splice the masts and make all taut again. Then it became our turn to hurrah, which we did with a will, and were molested no further. But the delegation that were going to join us from the village, being deterred from fear, were set upon by the mob and pelted out of town with rotten eggs. This was Democracy in '40—we were Whigs. From that time forward we had no further trouble from our opponents. In fact, the farmers along our route treated us with the greatest hospitality and kindness. One in particular, I remember, met us with a number of hams, bread, etc., in his wagon, and, when we arrived at his home, said, "Now, boys, just help yourselves to anything you want; there is plenty of corn in the crib, potatoes in the cellar, and two or three fat sheep in the flock," which he had killed for us. In the morning he escorted us on our journey some miles with twenty or thirty of his neighbors. In fact, with the exception before mentioned, we met with nothing but kindness the whole of our trip. It took us about seven days to reach Springfield, where we met some 20,000 fellow-citizens from the central and southern portions of the State. There was one

part of the procession that I shall never forget. It was a log-house, some twelve by sixteen feet, built on an immense truck, the wheels made of solid wood cut from a large tree. This was drawn by thirty yoke of oxen. A couple of coons were playing in the branches of a hickory tree at one corner of the house, and a barrel of hard cider stood by the door, with the latch-string hanging out. These were all emblems of the party in that year's canvass. With the above exception, Chicago took the lead in everything. What with the vessel—a wonder of wonders to the southerners, who had never seen, or perhaps heard of, a sailing-vessel before—the natty tents fixed up with buffalo-skin seats, interspersed with blue and red blankets, and festooned with the National flag and bunting, made such a display that the young ladies of the city paid us a deal of attention, making numerous visits, and during the early part of the evening complimented us with a serenade, which we returned later. One person, a Mr. Baker threw open his house after midnight, and entertained us in good style with cake and wine. We stayed two or three days, making many friends, and enjoyed ourselves greatly. But there was six or seven days' travel to reach home again, which was not so pleasant. We were delayed by two public dinners on our route back—one given at Bloomington by a right jolly lady, who made a capital speech. We returned by way of Fox river, avoiding Joliet, traveling through Oswego, Aurora and Naperville, and, though enjoying our three weeks' trip very much, were glad to meet a large number of citizens to escort us again to our homes in Chicago. Such was a convention in old times.

What a change fifty years has brought about! By rail now, the journey would take one night, a day or two spent in Springfield, and by night home again in luxurious sleeping cars.

I will now give you some description of the state of society in those early days. The elite of the place were the officers of the garrison and their families, at least they thought so, and rightly, perhaps, as they had been well educated, and had, since the closing of the Black Hawk war in the spring of 1833, leisure to enjoy society. During the war, all citizens had crowded into the garrison for protection, fearing an attack from the Indians, and if they had not had timely warning, most likely some of them would have lost their scalps. On our route to the city we met Governor Porter and retinue, of Michigan, on their return from signing the treaty, just made with Black Hawk, the dusky warrior before mentioned. These gentry and officers, whose time often hung heavy on their hands, used to spend a portion of it hunting the wolves, then very numerous around Chicago. They killed about 150 that winter, and as we had a fine fox-hound, they soon made our acquaintance, and used her often in their hunting excursions. In the spring a seine brought over by one of our party from England, added still further to their amusement and our acquaintance, the soldiers aiding us in hauling the net, as the government yawl was the only boat in the village suitable for that purpose. We got all the fish we wanted by this arrangement. That winter there were only two or three young ladies in the village, one of them being the daughter of Major Green, one of the officers

of the garrison. Our family soon got acquainted with them, but there was little visiting done. Housekeepers had enough to do to look after their own homes, as few kept servants. There were no concerts, no lectures to go to, consequently the male portion of the community amused themselves as best they could in the stores, playing checkers, etc., as before stated, and now and then getting up sleighing parties. There was at that time not a carriage or buggy kept in the place.

Before going further in our descriptions, let us compare the embryo city of that time, then only 560 acres in extent, with the beautiful, elegant and business-like metropolis of the present day, covering some 2,500 or 3,000 acres of land, and known the world over as Chicago, of which its citizens may well be proud. In the first place, the land on which it stands was then a low, marshy prairie, with the water standing on portions of it the year round. To get to it from the country either north, south or west, horses would get knee-deep in mud and water. As late as June, 1840, it took a party of us all day to go about ten miles across the prairie to the ridge this side of Riverside. But now the city and country adjoining is comparatively dry, being well drained, so that we can have good cellars, and first rate streets when paved. When I first saw the river it was a paltry little stream, nearly covered with wild rice, and the land on either bank was of little worth, when now it would trouble any one to estimate the value of the buildings, piles of lumber and wharves that line its banks for miles, to say nothing of the value of the river itself, for the

purposes of navigation. *What a change has time wrought!* Fifty-five years since, the stores and dwellings in the village were counted by tens, the largest being only a story and a half high, consisting of a slight frame building. Now they are counted by thousands, built of solid stone and brick, and not a few latterly are being constructed entirely of heavy steel, rivetted together, with terra cotta partitions and ceilings, built eight, ten, twelve and even fifteen stories in height, that cannot be surpassed in strength, beauty and elegance of finish the world over. In a little more than half a century the population has increased from a few hundred to over twelve hundred thousand inhabitants, making our city the third largest in the United States; and as to business, it is increasing so rapidly that it will soon be the second. In those early times we all had to walk. There was no convenience, for riding, not a carriage or vehicle of any kind kept for pleasure in the place. There were two covered wagons without springs, called stages, that made semi-weekly trips to Detroit in the east, and Galena in the west. Now there are thousands of splendid carriages and turn-outs of all descriptions kept in the city, and cable and steam railroad cars are noted the world over for their size and elegance of finish, the cable cars leaving each end of their route every minute, and carrying passengers from the center of the city about ten miles out in any direction for the small sum of five cents, some one hundred thousand people riding daily on the South Side alone. And then the splendid railway carriages, that arrive and leave daily for the east and west, is almost past belief; it must

be seen to be credited. Again, in 1833 there was hardly a barrel of flour or a bushel of wheat to be had in the village for love or money. Now we receive it by millions of bushels. A short time since, over one million bushels of grain arrived in the city in one day. Pork and beef packing has also increased from three or four hundred slaughtered in 1833, to three or four million slaughtered and packed in Chicago in the various packing houses of the city during the present season. No cattle or hogs were slaughtered for shipment east until the fall of 1843, when parties from New York packed four or five thousand head, whereas some days during the past year 25,000 to 30,000 head of cattle alone have been received and shipped east, either alive or dressed, to all parts of the United States and Europe. Lumber in the winter of 1833 was so scarce it fetched \$50 a thousand, what little there was to be had in the village. Now it is shipped here by vessel by tens of millions of feet yearly, and sold to all the surrounding country. To build then, we had to cut saplings out of the adjoining wood to use for studding, rafters, etc. Now thousands of mechanics find employment in the city, not only in dressing and preparing lumber, but in cutting and dressing stone, and latterly casting heavy joists and upright posts of immense strength to carry these high buildings being put up and also, in casting steel into all manner of elegant shapes to decorate the fronts of the magnificent stores and dwellings that are being daily erected in all parts of the city. Fifty years since, there was but one church or meeting-house in the village, and that such as before described. Now they can be

counted by scores, fitted up in the most sumptuous manner, for ease and comfort, surpassing most churches of even the old world in elegance of design and finish, costing in the aggregate millions to erect them. At the early time spoken of, the only school-house in the village was a log building some 14 by 18 feet; whereas at the present time there must be over forty or fifty expensive brick buildings, erected for the purpose, in each of which, eight hundred to a thousand children are taught daily in the most thorough and systematic manner, while our other scientific and charitable institutions compare favorably with any other city. The first winter I spent here, one solitary little craft, the *Westward Ho*, was the only one in the river, and she was only eighteen to twenty feet long. Now our harbor is filled with vessels of all sizes, from the noble steamer of three thousand tons burthen, or the three-masted sailing vessel, to the smallest tug that plows the river, or the trim-rigged yacht that lies in the basin, the arrival of vessels some days being truly marvellous. In 1833 there were but a few miles of railroad built in America, and not until 1852 did the iron horse make his appearance in our midst, when the Michigan Central and Southern Michigan companies strove with each other to be the first to reach the city. Now we are about the largest railroad center in the world, our connecting lines being counted by thousands of miles—3,000 to the west and northwest, 1,000 to the south, and 1,200 or 1,500 to the east. In 1833, as before described, there were but two bridges across the river, built of round logs, in the most ordinary manner; while today there are sixteen

to eighteen built at various points, both of iron and wood, by some of the best mechanics in the country, spanning our stream from shore to shore, yet turning on a pivot with such ease, some built latterly having steam power attached, that it is rarely a vessel is inconvenienced any length of time in passing through them. In the first winter of my sojourn here, a few hundred hogs were killed and hung up in the open air on rough poles cut from the adjoining woods. At the present time there are several immense packing houses in the city that can each kill and pack 5,000 to 6,000 daily, and with the stock yards adjoining, are one of the wonders that surprise all visitors to our city, and are really in their magnitude and extent well worth the seeing. In the early times of which I am speaking, the thrifty housewife, with skirts tucked up, could have been seen tripping across South Water street to a little pier run out in the river, opposite each house, from which she filled her pail with water from the river, both for culinary and drinking purposes. At the present time we have probably the finest water works in the world, drawing a never-failing supply of the purest water from Lake Michigan, at a depth of 30 feet below the surface, and three or four miles out in the lake, from there carried in four brick tunnels of five to eight feet in diameter, to the shore, one of them running under the city two miles inland to 22nd and Halsted streets, and then distributed through iron pipes to every part of the city, the whole project being one of the wonders of the age, the ponderous machinery used for this purpose being well worth seeing by any person curious in such

matters. Vessels arriving at this port previous to the summer of 1834 had to anchor half a mile from shore, until the weather was such that they could unload into a Mackinaw boat, made of birch bark, so light and frail that it could cross the bar at the mouth of the river, where there was seldom over two feet of water. Cattle and horses brought as freight, were pushed overboard and then led or driven to shore. The entrance to the river was not direct as it is now, but curved around the shore to the south until it reached Jackson street or a little north of it, when it emptied into the lake. The main channel ran about under the center of the Illinois Central and Michigan Central depot; but the Government soon commenced work on improvements to be made, and before the spring freshets of 1834 commenced, had thrown cribs filled with stone across the channel of the river, in a line with the present south pier. The water on rising and finding no outlet in its natural course, with the help of all the men they could get, with shovels and hoes, who worked at it night and day for the next twenty-four hours, made quite a large water-course across the sand bar that laid between the river and the lake, the beginning of the present harbor or mouth of the river as it now is. It was but a short time before the large amount of water pouring into the lake, the snow being very deep that spring, washed out a channel large enough to let vessels of the largest class then sailing to pass into the river, and strange to say, after entering, there was over twenty feet of water in the main river, and in either branch, north or south, for two or three miles from its mouth, a very remarkable

fact in such a flat country as this was, and a great help to navigation a few years after, as it would have cost a large amount of money and taken many years to have dredged it out for six miles or more.

The same spring of 1834, there was a draw or rather lift bridge built across the river at Clark street, doing away with a ferry, that had been run there in a large canoe for the accommodation of parties living on the North Side, the population of the village had increased during the spring of 1834 to about 800, causing the actual necessity of more dwellings and stores being erected. The first forwarding and commission house was run by John Kinzie, afterward by Newberry & Dole, whose warehouse for years stood on the north side of the river, near Cass street, their business consisting wholly as to forwarding, in taking freight from the few vessels that arrived and distributing it by prairie schooners as they were called, being large covered wagons drawn by four or six horses, driven by men who camped out along side of them, cooking their own corn meal dodgers and bacon, and sleeping in the wagons; these used to go as far west as Galena, which was then a large town, controlling the whole trade of the upper Mississippi, returning loaded with lead that was mined from the surrounding country. Contrast that one small warehouse in Chicago, fifty years since, with the numerous immense buildings of the present day, with their wonderful improvements for handling wheat, corn, etc., containing their hundreds of thousands of bushels of grain, which can be transferred into the largest vessels afloat in a few hours, and she is loaded and ready to sail again, and in thinking over it, the pro-

gress made is wonderful to contemplate. It is the same with many other branches of business which have been wonderfully improved by the use of machinery, even to the raising of grain, etc., by the farmers of the surrounding country, who now harness up a horse to a plow and turn up three times the amount of land they could by hand. The hotel business has also increased to most enormous proportions, from the four small country taverns kept on our arrival, to scores of the largest kind of hotels open at the present time. Some of them being able to accommodate over a thousand of their patrons, attending to all their wants, and setting before them most sumptuous living that cannot be surpassed in any city in the world, London or Paris not accepted. It is the same with the dry goods business. Compare the immense trade done at the present time, by over a score or more of wholesale and retail merchants, and the magnificent and costly buildings in which they do business, with the petty trade transacted here half a century since, and the increase and change is really astonishing. Some of the buildings being erected for the trade, are costing over a million of dollars each, being built of steel, entirely fire proof, 12 or 13 and even 16 stories in height, and in size two or three hundred feet square, that will be the surprise of all visitors to the World's Fair in 1893, where we hope to see hundreds of their brother merchants from all parts of the world. Again, see that large wagon factory on the West Side only one among numerous others in the city, turning out its hundreds of wagons yearly, shipped to New Mexico, California and Oregon, and all the country to the west of us, in

comparison to one little solitary shop, kept open for repairs when I drove into the village, and you will be lost in wonder and astonishment, at the change a few short years have made. It is the same with carriages of all kinds, that are now sold by hundreds to all parts of the country, and can be found in every town west of us. Then the superior furniture made here, has so increased the trade that it is now said to be carried on more extensively than in any other city in the States, a most wonderful statement to make, of a city that has sprung from nothing in the last fifty years, but it is a fact. I might go on enumerating every kind of business, but have said enough on the subject to set all minds thinking of the wonderful progress made, both in population, and business, that even the wildest guess as to the future of the city would fall far short of the reality. And, now, what more can I say, than I have said? I have seen Chicago in its early day, when it was but a wet, marshy prairie supposed to be almost worthless, with a small stream meandering through it, the edges of which for twenty or thirty feet on each side, were lined with wild rice almost hiding it from view. Indians roaming the surrounding country at their pleasure, at times filling the streets with their painted warriors and their no less ugly squaws, when the night was made hideous by their unearthly yells, accompanied at intervals by the howling of the wolf, as he sat on his haunches baying the moon, and in broad day light have seen the wild deer dash through our streets, crossing the river about LaSalle street, frightened by the hunters that were following them. And at a later day once saw a large black bear,

captured in the lake near Waukegan, who had evidently been an occupant of the adjoining woods north of the city, and had been driven in the lake that morning by some parties after other game. I have seen Chicago when the floods swept away nearly every bridge in the city, and in the mighty rush of water, carried every vessel but one from her moorings, jamming them together in a shapeless mass near Rush street bridge, where they remained several days; this happened in 1849. And I have seen the city, as in 1871, almost destroyed by fire, and still live to see it risen Phœnix like from its ashes. A larger, grander and more beautiful city than ever before, or that we ever expected to see. If you can find any other in the world that in the last half century can equal it in size, population and also in its business, as the largest grain, pork, beef and lumber market to be found in any other part of the earth I should like to know of it, but feel that I am safe in saying it cannot be done. And if known, would be well worth the spending a few weeks in visiting, as it *will this*, in 1893, at the opening of and during the World's Fair, where I can positively assure you the largest, and most wonderful display of goods of all kinds will be found in the immense buildings now being erected to receive them, from the various countries that have determined to send their commodities to exhibit, and as for cattle, horses, hogs, sheep, etc., of the very best stock, will be here by hundreds from our western prairies as well as from the farmers around, to compare with those brought from older settled countries. And machinery of all kinds, will be found, equal, if not superior, to anything to be found

in the old world, from a watch spring, to the largest balance wheel, used on the most ponderous machinery in existence, and the various kinds of agricultural implements, consisting of plows, threshing, binding and other machinery used with such success and so extensively on farms in the new States, and territories west of us, where they put fifteen to twenty men on their plows in the morning, running furrows ten miles long, returning by night, after breaking up an eighty acre tract of prairie land. Of this class of machinery, which has been shipped and used in several different quarters of the globe, you will find here, made and finished in the most scientific and artistic style. Also carriages of all sorts and sizes, from the smallest pony cart to the most elegant and beautifully finished two horse carriages, to be found anywhere, will be seen here in every different variety and shape. So again I would urge every one that possibly can, to come and see for themselves, this wonderful city, only half a century old, and the fair to be held in it, that is to surpass any ever before held in any part of the old world. Our city also bids fair to outstrip many others in size, as well as in the immense amount of business done in it. You will find a hearty welcome here, and everything will be done by railroads, vessels, etc., to facilitate you in shipping your goods, as well as cheapening. The excellent accommodations, you will find for traveling from the sea board, in the Pullman or Wagner cars and sleepers, and on arrival here those who are fond of driving can enjoy it over the most beautiful, smooth roads on our thirty miles of boulevards, that can be found anywhere in any

country on the globe, while the eye will be delighted with the shrubs and flowers set out on the well kept borders each side of them for the whole distance to the park, some seven miles from the center of the city. And when you arrive there you will be no less astonished and gratified at the immense buildings and other improvements made in the park, and the facilities for riding to and fro from there to the city, either by land, or water on our beautiful lake, that extends some 350 miles north and sixty miles east, forming a large inland sea of fresh water, for use of navigation, extending from here to the east through the Straits of Mackinaw, Lake Huron, the river St. Clair and Lake Erie to Buffalo, some 1,000 miles or more, from there reaching the ocean, either by the river St. Lawrence through parts of Canada, or by canal and the East river to New York. And if the contemplated improvements are carried out by Congress and the city, we shall soon have communication by ship canal to the Illinois river some 350 miles to St. Louis, and from there down the magnificent river, the Mississippi, to the gulf at New Orleans, reaching the ocean either north or south, by sea-going steamers, adding very much to the facilities for shipments to all parts of the world, making this the very central city in the United States, for the collection and distribution of all manner of goods and merchandise, from the different countries in the old world, as well as from Mexico and parts of South America. And also for the shipment of our produce of all kinds to the different countries needing it, without being compelled as before to ship either east or south, and

re-ship again from there to the desired destination. And while speaking of the beautiful drive to the parks on the South Side, we must not forget the drive along the lake shore on the North Side to Lincoln park, a small park about two or three miles from the river, containing 150 acres or more, laid out in a beautiful and artistic style, and visited by thousands of our citizens every day in the year. And from there the Lake Shore drive has been improved and continued along the border of the lake to Evanston, some twelve to fifteen miles from the city, and is to be further extended and carried on to Fort Sheridan, now being improved and built up by the Government, for the use of the army, several regiments being already quartered there. The land is beautifully situated, high and dry, some eighty feet above the level of the lake, covered in part with groves of trees, hills and vales, and now some of it is being improved by Chicago citizens with a view to building suburban homes on their land, cutting it up in lots, as land is much cheaper north of the city than it is on the south side.

I have previously written several articles describing the difficulties the first settlers had in reaching Chicago, as well as their experience the first few years of residence here. I will now give you some idea of the trouble and difficulties we found in providing timber and material with which to build even the small houses and stores that were put up in those early days. There were no well-filled lumber yards, with an office adjoining, into which you could enter, as now, and leave your order for all the different kinds wanted. The whole stock of pine lumber in the

village when I came here amounted to 5,000 or 6,000 feet of boards, and that was held at \$60 per 1,000. Previous to 1833, most of the houses had been built of logs, some round, just as they came from the woods, while the more pretentious, belonging to the officers of the army and the great men of the village, were built of hewn logs. There was a small saw-mill run by water about five or six miles up the north branch, where they had built a dam across the stream, getting a three or four foot head of water, there was also a small steam saw-mill run by Capt. Bemsley Huntoon, situated a little south of Division street, at the mouth of a slough that emptied itself into the river at that point, in both of which they sawed out such timber as grew in the woods adjoining, consisting of oak, elm, poplar, white ash, etc. Of such lumber most of the houses were built, and any carpenter that has ever been compelled to use it, particularly in its green state, will appreciate its quality. In drying it will shrink, warp and twist every way, drawing out the nails, and, after a summer has passed, the siding will gape open, letting the wind through every joint. Such was the stuff used for building in 1833 and 1834. Some even did worse than that, and went into the woods for their scantling, cutting down small trees and squaring one side of them with the broad-ax. One of the largest houses built that winter, by Daniel Elson, was built with that very kind, both for uprights and rafters. During the summer of 1834, the supply of pine lumber was greatly increased, and the price much lower. I think the most of it came from Canada, but even as late as 1837, timber was very scarce (and heavy

timber was used in large buildings in those times, the frame being pinned together by mortice and tenon) that, wanting considerable of it to put up a factory, I found it cheaper to purchase ten acres of land, ten or twelve miles up the north branch, from which I cut the necessary logs, hauled them into the city on sleighs, and had them squared on the ground with the broad-ax. But heavier timber for frame buildings soon after came into disuse, as it was found the present way of putting up frame buildings was much stronger and better. It used then to be called baloon framing. G. W. Snow, an old settler, had the credit of first originating the idea.

Common inch lumber in 1837 had got to be more plentiful at \$18 to \$20 a thousand. I put up a building, 30x40, two-story and basement, on the corner of Washington and Jefferson streets. It was the largest building on the West Side south of Lake street, and, standing there alone for years, served as a beacon for many a belated traveler over the ten miles of prairie between the village and the Desplaines river. At that time it seemed a long way out of town. There was but one shanty between it and Lake street bridge, and it really seemed quite a walk over the prairie to reach it. The West Side at that time contained but few inhabitants. When, a year or two later, the village took upon itself city airs, the third ward, extending from the center of Lake street south, and all west of the river, contained but sixty voters, the majority of whom were Whigs. It was a Whig ward, but that did not prevent the Democrats of that early day from colonizing about fifteen Irishmen from the North Side to try and carry it. I

merely mention this fact as showing that the Democrat of 1839 was very much like his brother Democrat of 1892. I might tell a good joke of two prominent politicians of that time—how they cursed and swore at us when they found we positively refused to receive their Irish votes, after they had furnished them for ten days with whisky and board; but as they died in '91, I will not mention their names.

From 1838 to 1843, people began gradually to build a house here and there on the streets adjoining, between the location I had selected and the river; but the progress made was very slow. We were right in the midst of the panic which commenced in 1837. I changed my location in 1843, and built on Canal street, just south of Madison, and still had an unobstructed view of the bridge at Lake street, and walked to it over the greensward of the prairie. At this point it was foolishly supposed by many to be a good location for a residence, as it was a dry, good soil on the bank of the river, which was then a clear, running stream, and really looked pleasant. I built a brick house, surrounded it with a garden, and had fine, growing fruit trees; so also did two or three others, among whom were Chas. Taylor and Geo. Davis, whose widows are still living on the West Side; but before we reaped the fruits of it, business drew near us. Gates & Co. started a foundry within a block of us, and in 1848 a lumber-yard was established on the adjoining lot. That settled our idea as to residence property, and in 1851 I moved to the corner of Thirteenth street and Michigan avenue. Here I rented a house and garden that was nearly surrounded with prairie. But business again fol-

lowed us, and six months after we settled there the Illinois and Michigan Central railroads put up a temporary depot directly opposite to us on the east side of the street. To be sure we had the pleasure of seeing the iron-horse make its daily trips into the city of our choice, but this hardly compensated us for the annoyance we continually received from the tramps and others that came on the cars, begging for food and water; so we determined once more to pull up stakes and selected a place on the lake shore two miles south of the city, in the grove between Thirty-ninth and Fortieth streets. But before speaking of that I will give you some idea of the expansion of the city in a southerly direction of what is called the South Side.

I think it was in 1836 or 1837, that the old Tremont was put up on the northwest corner of Lake and Dearborn streets, owned and kept by Ira and James Couch, though in a very different style to what it has been kept the last twenty-five years. It was then a common country tavern for the accommodation of farmers and others visiting the city. I have many a time met one of the proprietors on the prairie bringing a load of wood from the Dutchman's Point, twelve miles up the north branch, and once or twice, when business was slack, met him on the road to Milwaukee, with a sleigh load of butter, dried apples, etc., to trade off to the denizens of the Cream City and turn an honest dollar. In 1838, the city had got as far south as Madison street. Two of my friends built on the south side of Madison, directly facing Dearborn street. This was the very outskirts of the city and seemed a long way from the center of

business, then Clark and South Water streets. But it kept creeping southward, until, in 1850, it had reached Twelfth street, where on the northwest corner of that and State street, stood the Southern hotel. In 1849, I was offered the ten acres adjoining, running from Twelfth to Fourteenth street, and west of State, for \$1,200. Mathew Laflin tells me he purchased it for \$1,000. It is a part of the property that has lately been sold to the railroad for a depot at \$200 to \$300 a foot.

In 1851, the Marine Bank offered twenty acres of land, running from State street to the lake, for \$500 an acre. A year or two later, a committee was appointed to locate Dearborn Seminary, and urged the company to purchase the block between Wabash and Michigan avenues, just south of Fifteenth street, at \$25 a foot, both fronts; but it was rejected with scorn, inquiring of them where they expected to get young ladies to fill the school in that neighborhood, so far south. At this time there was only a single buggy track running in a direct line across the prairie from the corner of State and Twelfth streets to the "oak woods," as the groves south of Thirty-first street were then called. In driving to that point, we only passed two houses—Mr. Clarke's, on Michigan avenue and Sixteenth street, who owned a farm there, and Myrick's tavern at Twenty-ninth street, who owned sixty or seventy acres from Twenty-seventh or Twenty-eighth to Thirty-first street. Then we came to the Graves tract of sixty or seventy acres, situated near the lake in the beautiful grove between Thirty-first and Thirty-third streets, on which was a house of resort

called "The Cottage." The adjoining property of the same description, south of Thirty-third and north of Thirty-fifth streets, was in 1852, purchased by Senator Douglas, who donated ten acres of it to the Chicago University. This tract of seventy acres was owned before Douglas bought it by some bank in Philadelphia, and was offered for \$7,000. I urged its purchase by the city for a park, through the papers of that day, but had my communications returned to me, with the remark that it certainly would benefit Cleaverville, but they did not think it would benefit the citizens of Chicago, being so far out of the city. From Thirty-fifth to Thirty-ninth street was the Ellis farm, of 200 acres, owned by Samuel Ellis, who lived in a clapboard house on the southwest corner of Thirty-fifth street and Lake avenue, where they had kept tavern for years, it being formerly the first station out of Chicago for the Detroit line of stages. It was about half a mile from "The Cottage," and three-quarters from Myrick's. These were then the only houses south of Thirteenth street, except one or two small places on the river; but it was on the Ellis farm I determined to build a factory in 1851, and, for that purpose, purchased twenty acres of him, on the lake shore, from the center of Lake avenue to the lake, between Thirty-seventh and Thirty-ninth streets. It was thought to be a wild scheme, and many a time I was laughed at, and asked with a smile if I ever expected Chicago to reach as far south as that, being then two miles beyond the city limits, which were at Twenty-second street. However, that did not deter me from building, even when the plans for a three-

story building and cellar 80x160 feet were got out, and I was informed that it would take 100 cords of stone and 400,000 bricks to complete it. But it did become a matter of grave importance, how to get the brick, stone, lumber, etc., on the ground, as the brick kilns were on the West Side, near Twentieth and Halsted streets, and there was no bridge south of Madison street. But being accustomed to face difficulties, and, after looking the matter over, concluded the cheapest way was to build a scow and run a ferry over the river about Twenty-second street, for three or four months. But the trouble was not then over. Before the teamsters had been hauling thirty days, the road track in some places got so deep in sand that they informed me that they should have to throw up the contract (which was only \$1 a thousand) unless half a mile of plank-road was built, which was accordingly done, and also built a bridge in front of the university over a slough 150 feet in length. There was little difficulty about the stone, as that was contracted to be taken down by tug on canal-boats. But for the heavy oak timbers and joists which were needed, I built another smaller scow, and towed it down the lake shore with horses. This was before the Illinois Central railroad had put any piling or crib-work in the lake, when the shore was a beautiful sandy beach, extending many feet from the high land to the water. I had, previously to this, put up several houses on the west side of the river, on the north branch, near Division street, for the use of my workmen, and wanted those moved to the lake shore at Thirty-eighth street, a distance of some seven or eight miles. The problem to be solved

was how to get them there. Many difficulties were in the way of taking them by water; yet that seemed the only feasible plan. One great objection was that Chicago avenue bridge had no draw in it to let a boat pass; but, after taking advice upon the subject, I notified the city authorities they must remove it, as they had no right or authority to obstruct a navigable stream; they removed it after a day or two's delay. But that delay cost me the loss of one of the boats employed in moving the houses. Two canal-boats were lashed abreast of each other, and two houses chained cross-ways on them. In this way we found no difficulty in going to the mouth of the river. But a storm had come up on the lake, which compelled us to wait two or three days until it subsided. A man who had been left on board as watchman, getting tired of such a solitary life, of his own accord hailed a passing tug, and by himself braved the rolling waves of Lake Michigan; and, though the storm had in a great measure abated, yet there was a heavy swell washing shoreward, and the consequence was, the minute the tug cast them off a couple of hundred feet from land, they began to drift in broadside to the shore, and were soon driven up on the beach, the outer boat sinking, leaving the houses to all appearances, pitching into the lake. But, fortunately the chains held them, and, without further damage they were landed on the shore. But we were not so fortunate with the boat, which was wrecked the following day before we could get a tug to lay hold of it. Two other trips were made and four more houses safely landed, without farther loss.

Those houses are still standing, January, 1892, just north of Pier or Thirty-eighth street, on Lake avenue, and are the same that were floated down in 1851, more than forty years since, and with the brick building 50x160, three stories and basement, together with the slaughter-house and other houses erected the same year, were the commencement of the large settlement of splendid houses built in that neighborhood now worth millions of dollars. The following year I built several more cottages, and soon found it almost a necessity to build a meeting-house, which was done in 1854, in which school was kept and the gospel was preached for many years. This building was afterwards removed to Hyde Park. In 1852, 100 acres bought by me—was platted and laid out as the village of Cleaverville, so named by the reporter for one of the papers of that day when I was in New York, and has since kept its cognomen, legally, at all events, although, from the station on the Illinois Central railroad being called Oakland, it has gradually become known by that name, until many suppose that to be the legal appellation, and want their title-papers so designated. It was but a year after I erected the factory on the lake shore, that the Michigan Central came thundering along with their rails and iron-horse, within 100 feet of the building, thus rendering it almost useless for the purpose for which part of it was erected—*viz.*: a slaughter-house for the city butchers to kill in. They began killing there, but the cars frightened the cattle so, in those early days, that they dropped off one after the other, although Col. Hancock made his debut in it, as a Chicago packer, killing a few hundred head of cattle

that winter. But others, as well as myself, soon recognized the locality as one of the most beautiful around Chicago for residence purposes, and I soon had an offer for a lot to build on, by Mr. Farrington, the well-known wholesale grocer, who was the first, except myself, to erect a building on the village tract. Others soon followed, and, on the Illinois Central putting on a train to run three times a day, citizens began to be attracted by the beauty of the location, and the first week of the cars running I sold five or six lots. In 1853, I built a house for myself, where I have since resided, and still live to see the gradual but wonderful change that has taken place in the country around; from a farm, fenced in with a rail fence, to a populous neighborhood, filled up with elegant stone, brick, and frame houses, acknowledged by all to be one of the most beautiful suburbs of the city; with its large brick school-houses, containing hundreds of children each, churches of all denominations, and improvements of every kind. For the first ten or twelve years of my residence there I had to depend on myself for everything that was done to improve the neighborhood. There were no Hyde Park officials and the city would have nothing to do with us, so far as making streets and sewers were concerned. I well remember the making of Thirty-ninth street. It was such a swamp, west of Cottage Grove avenue, that I had to employ men to shovel it up, as a team could not work it. In fact, all the swales between the ridges were covered with water the summer through, breeding mosquitoes by the million, which was supposed to be one of the greatest drawbacks to the settlement of the neighborhood.

But with the drainage of the land they soon decreased, and, on running a sewer from the lake in 1867, west on the street mentioned to Langley avenue, thus draining all the lots contiguous to it, they dissappeared altogether. When this part of the country was first settled there was no public conveyances of any kind. For years I drove in and out of the city in a buggy. Then came the first omnibus, running to Twelfth street every hour. It was, after a year or two, extended to the city limits at Twenty-second street, and gradually more 'buses were put on. Then some public-spirited individual put on a four-horse omnibus, to run to Myrick's tavern, on Thirtieth street. That continued until about 1855 or 1856, when the horse-cars began to run, first to Twelfth, then Twenty-second, extending soon to Thirty-first, where they stopped for several years, until 1867, when the track was laid to Thirty-ninth, its present terminus. All who ride on them now know what success they have met with, as they are continually filled to overflowing, though running every three or four minutes for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. Could Dr. Egan and Senator Douglas arise from their graves, they would indeed look on with astonishment. I mention them as the Doctor was the first to get a charter through the Legislature for a steam or horse-railroad from the Calumet river to Chicago. He, the Senator, and myself organized a company to build the road some time before it was commenced, but were defeated in the city council by their refusing us the right to lay down tracks in the city. Some two or three years after, the privilege was granted to others.

While writing of public improvements, I will mention the water supply. Citizens, the first year or two of my residence here, went to the river bank and dipped it up by the pailful. Then, for a few years, it was carted from the lake shore, in water carts, and sold at 10 cents a barrel. After that, a stream was pumped from the lake shore into a tank or reservoir adjoining the steam flouring mill built on the northeast corner of Lake street and Michigan avenue, run by the late James H. Woodworth; the two tanks were certainly not over twelve feet deep, and stood probably four feet above the level of the ground, and from this, water was distributed through log pipes to a small portion of the city. This continued until about 1855-'56, when J. H. Dunham called a meeting of the citizens to meet over his store on South Water street, to take into consideration the need of a better and purer supply of water. At that meeting there were only five individuals present, but it was the first of a series that at last accomplished the object sought, and was the commencement of the present system of supply throughout the city. For many years it was pumped from the shore at the present site of the water-works, but finding at length that they pumped about as much small fish as they did water, the tunneling of the lake to the crib, two miles from shore, was conceived and successfully accomplished. Since that it has been extended two miles beyond to still deeper water, getting a fresher and purer supply from a depth of some thirty feet below the surface of the lake, and the city is now building another, extending into the lake some four miles from shore with a tunnel eight feet in diameter to connect it with the large

iron pipes laid in the streets for distribution in the city.

Seeing in the *Tribune*, the statistics published in December, '81, of the business done in the city, for the past year, both in packing and in grain, I thought it would be interesting to those connected with the trade to know from what small proportions it originally sprung. I will commence with the butchering and packing business, and to do that, must go back to the early days of 1833, when Archibald Clybourn had a small log slaughter house on the east side of the north branch, a little south of the bridge now known by his name; he then killed weekly a few head of cattle, supplying the garrison and also the towns-people, and was one of the first who afterward put up both beef and pork for the surrounding country and villages north and west of us. He did quite an extensive trade as early as 1836-7, and was reputed to be a wealthy man in those days, not only from success in his business, but also from his land speculations. It was about that time, or probably a year or two later, that he made his famous trip to Milwaukee on horseback. He rode an old favorite gray horse of his, making the trip in ten or twelve hours, to secure a certain 80 acres of land in or near the city last mentioned, by which transaction he made some \$20,000—considered a large amount in those times, and ever after gave his faithful old horse free fodder in his barns and pastures. In the winter of 1842-3, he slaughtered and packed for Wm. Felt & Co., two or three thousand head of cattle to ship to New York city—the first beef ever packed in this city for an eastern market. The same

season Gurdon S. Hubbard packed some cattle for the east, and perhaps he is entitled to the first place in Chicago packing, as he had a drove of about 300 hogs brought in and sold to the villagers as early as 1833, and from that time for many years, was largely identified with the packing interests of the city, continuing in the business as late as 1855 or '56, perhaps later. Mark Noble also killed a beast now and then, and sold among the people in the early days of 1833-4, keeping it up for two or three years later—when he married and left for Texas, making several trips to the city years after with large droves of cattle. His brother, John Noble, resided on the north side of the city until a year or two since when he died.

Sylvester Marsh also started a butcher shop on Dearborn street, between Lake and South Water streets as early as 1834, carrying it on until 1836 or '37, when, from his success in the business and land speculations, he thought he was rich enough, and left for Dunkirk, N. Y., where, in some unaccountable way he soon lost all he had, and in two or three years was back in Chicago, in partnership with George W. Dole, under the firm name of Dole & Marsh. They did quite an extensive business, both in killing for market and also in packing for themselves and others at their slaughter house on the south branch.

It was with this firm that Oramel and R. M. Hough served their apprenticeship to the packing business, who, for many years after were extensively known among those connected with the packing interests of Chicago, as Hough & Co., and Hough, Brown & Co.

Sherman [Orin] & Pitkin [Nathaniel], an extensive dry goods firm of 1842-3, also went heavily into hog packing that winter, keeping it up for several seasons thereafter; they went into it when pork was at the lowest price ever known in Chicago. I bought several loads of dressed hogs out of farmers' wagons that winter as low as \$1.25 a hundred. Packing in those early days was quite an experiment, and few were found willing to risk their money in it, as they had to carry everything packed till spring, and then ship it to the east by vessel. Willian and Norman Felt, extensive farmers near Rochester, New York, were the first to make a regular business of it, as they continued killing at different packing houses in the city until about 1858 or '59, and after that for years were the most extensive shippers of live stock from this place. Moshier & Clapp [Wm. B.] also packed largely of pork for the eastern market as early as 1844 or 1845; they packed for a time in a store of Col. Gurdon S. Hubbard, in the center of the city, used by him for that purpose. They kept in the business for several years, until the death of Mr. Clapp, about 1850. In connection with the slaughtering business of the city, I must not forget Absalom Funk, later Funk & Albee, who for years kept the largest and best meat market in the city. Mr. Funk had also several large farms near Bloomington, Ill., where he raised and fattened cattle for his own killing, making semi-monthly trips between the two places on horse-back, following his drove of cattle; when railroads commenced bringing cattle to the city, rendering his riding unnecessary, he soon felt the want of his customary exercise, sickened and died; his partner,

Cyrus P. Albee, following him some years later. Reynolds [Eri] & Hayward [John] were also early packers of Chicago, taking Dole & Marsh's packing house, on the south branch, where they carried on the business quite extensively for many years, packing for themselves and others.

Tobey [Orville H.] & Booth [Heman D.] commenced business in their present location on the corner of 18th and Grove streets, quite early. Mr. Tobey commenced first melting in a small rendering concern he bought of Sylvester Marsh, and moved there from the north side, and from that worked themselves up to be the most noted shippers of pork to the old country, still keeping up their reputation to this day for curing the best of meats. Col. John L. Hancock came to the city about 1853, making his first venture in packing by killing some 1,500 head of cattle in my slaughter house, on the lake shore at 38th street, but soon became one of the largest packers in the state, carrying on an extensive business at Bridgeport, both in beef and pork for many years, and was still there at his old trade in 1882. I have mentioned all of the first packers of Chicago, at all events, all I remember.

There were only about 35,000 head of cattle slaughtered during the season from October to January, as late as 1857, and perhaps about 150,000 hogs;* this seems a small business when compared with these times, when hogs are counted by the million, but it was then thought to be a very large trade.

*BEEF PACKING.—Capital invested, \$650,500; No. of cattle slaughtered, 2,800; bbls. packed, 97,500; annual receipts, \$824,000.—*Chicago Directory, December, 1850.*

Up to this time, 1857, I had taken all, or nearly all, the tallow and lard from the various packing houses of the city, rendering it in the melting house adjoining my factory on the lake shore at 38th street, where it was manufactured into soap, candles, lard oil, neatsfoot oil, etc., supplying the country west and north of us, and also in later years shipping tallow and oil to New York and Montreal. I commenced in the fall of 1834, when a few hundred pounds a week was all I could get from the different butchers; it kept increasing slowly until 1843, when Felt and G. S. Hubbard commenced shipping beef, and Sherman & Pitkin pork, when finding it coming in faster than I could melt it by the old process, by fire, I conceived the idea of rendering by steam; John Rogers had tried it a year before in a small way, but did not make a success of it; but I found no trouble in bringing it into practical use, and from that day to this it has been used for all melting purposes; and at this late day has been brought to such perfection in the close tanks made of boiler iron, putting on steam at 80 to 100 pounds to the inch, that a tank of lard or tallow can be melted in a few hours. The first tanks I used were of wood, and took 20 hours to render out. P. W. Gates & Co., who had just then started as boiler makers and machinists, set up the first boiler for me, with all the necessary coils, pipes, etc., and from that time until 1856-7, I did the melting, or nearly all of it, for all the packers then in the city. A firm from Cincinnati, Johnson & Co., put up extensive melting works on the lake shore, north of 31st street, where they purchased five acres of Willard F. Myrick, in 1852, and

spent some \$40,000 in setting up their iron tanks, etc., but had not capital enough to carry it on, and it became a dead failure; but after it had stood idle for many years, Johnson came on and commenced suit against the Illinois Central Railroad Co., for ruining their business by putting their tracks between the building and the lake, and managed to get a check out of the company for \$50,000 damages. Gurdon S. Hubbard did his melting there for two or three years. Hough & Co. were the next to put tanks and boilers into their packing house at Bridgeport, about the year 1854-5; others soon followed, and in 1857 I gave up the business, and from that time all the different packing houses have had their own tanks and melting apparatus, and there I leave—all my own reminiscences of early packers and packing, but will copy a part of an article published in the *Tribune* Jan. 1st, 1883, in which they quote the names of some of the largest firms in the city at that time.

I will now give my readers some idea of the beginnings of the present grain trade of the city of Chicago, which has now reached such enormous proportions that it is counted by millions of bushels; in speaking of its growth it will be well to divide it into four different eras, which will also mark the prosperity and growth of the city. For the first three or four years, or until about 1837, we were indebted to other states for the larger part of what was consumed in the village and surrounding country, that would comprise the first era; from that time to 1842 or 1843, farmers began to raise enough produce for themselves and their neighbors' consumption, as well as supplying the citizens of Chicago with all

that was necessary; but those years began to show the necessity of having some foreign market to take off their surplus produce, for in the winter of 1842-3, farmers' produce of all kinds was so low it was hardly worth raising; for instance, dressed hogs sold as low as ten or twelve shillings a hundred, lard three dollars and a half a hundred, tallow six and a quarter, flour three dollars a barrel, oats and potatoes ten cents a bushel, eggs four to five cents a dozen, dressed chickens and prairie hens five cents each; such a state of things could not last, as farmers found it impossible to raise it for the money, and gradually all classes of produce were held till spring, for shipment round the lakes by vessel to New York; this would end the second era. From that period, prices gradually improved; but the hauling of it so many miles to a market—as they had to do—took off nearly all the profit. Farmers living on Rock river would take five days to market thirty bushels of wheat, finding when they got home, not over ten or twelve dollars left out of the price of their load; but for some purposes they had to have a little cash, and so continued to bring it. This lasted until 1851 or '52, when the Michigan Central and Southern railroads made their entry into the city, taking east the grain as it arrived, and making a better market for all kinds of country products. Previous to that time I have seen fifty teams in a line crossing the prairie west of us with their loads of grain for Chicago. There was also another class of farmers from the south that used, in a measure, to supply the city with necessaries, in the shape of green and dried apples, butter, hams, bacon, feathers, etc.; these men would

bring their loads two or three hundred miles, camping out on the way, cooking their rasher of bacon, corn-dodgers, and boiling their pot of coffee over the camp-fire, sleeping in their wagons at night, and saving money enough out of their load to purchase a few bags of coffee, and the balance in salt—this was the invariable return load of all Hoosiers, as we used to call all who came from Southern Indiana, who used to come in great numbers in their curious-shaped covered wagons, known in old times as *prairie-schooners*. I have seen numbers of their teams camped out on the dry ground east of State street, and counted one hundred and sixty from the roof of Bristol & Porter's warehouse, near the corner of State and South Water streets; this closes the third era about 1852, when the iron-horse made its triumphant entry into the city from the east, snorting forth its volumes of steam and smoke, a blessed day indeed for the great west, for without the railroad what could we have done?

Before the Michigan Southern and the Michigan Central railroads entered Chicago from the east, the Galena & Chicago Union Railroad Company was laying its tracks, and pushing on to the west, making its first stopping-place at the Desplaines river, ten miles from the city, then at Wheaton, then the Junction, and so on to Elgin, Pigeon Prairie, Belvidere, Rockford, and other stations until at last it reached Freeport, relieving the farmers at every stopping place from their long and tedious journeys by team, enabling them to utilize their own labor, and the service of their teams, in improving their farms, and adding every season to the amount of

grain sown, until with the great increase in the last few years of farm-machinery, and the facilities for moving and storing grain, there seems to be no end to the amount forwarded; and although railroads have stretched their iron arms through every county in the state, and for thousands of miles into other states and territories west of us, it is as much and more than they can do to relieve the farmer of his surplus produce. What will be done with it in the next fifty years, time alone will reveal, for the crops of grain were so large in 1891, north and northwest of us, that the different lines of railroad could not furnish cars enough to carry it off. There were, it was said, some fifteen hundred car loads awaiting transportation at Duluth, the western port of Lake Superior, on the 1st day of last December.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES OF CHICAGO
DURING 1891.

The commercial record of last year for this city is one of activity in most departments, and generally of strength. It also presents some marked contrasts, of time as well as of place, and the order of 1890 was reversed in that the last half of the year was distinguished by buoyancy following comparative dullness in the first six months. In both seasons the measure of prosperity accorded to Chicago was greater than that which blessed most other cities in the United States, and this country was prosperous as against the world. In the great Mississippi valley nature fairly laughed with a superabundance of cereal wealth, while Europe was unusually deficient in food supply from its own harvests, and the energies of our grain merchants were severally taxed most of the time after midsummer to meet the novel conditions. Previous to that date, before the crop surplus was ready to move, the trade of many other cities in the Union was dull, and compared unfavorably with that of other years, but we were relatively active. While other sections suffered by sympathy with the financial stringency in the old world the work of preparation for the great Fair supplied the necessary stimulus here, and, when the crops got

under way the two made us by far the busiest city on the continent. Under that double spur Chicago far excelled any previous trade record, and the rush was so great as to be embarrassing to many who had not the full tide of youthful vigor coursing through their veins. Every avenue was crowded to the utmost, and personal travel was often performed under difficulties, due to the fact that the demand for accommodation far exceeded the supply of vehicles.

The weather of the year was exceedingly favorable throughout, both to local development and uninterrupted communication with the areas surrounding us. Work on buildings for the Fair and those erected for private citizens was carried on last winter almost without a break, while the summer season was uniformly cool and free from storms. The only local disadvantage attending the absence of normal rains was very low water in the lake and river, which somewhat hindered navigation. And the present winter has not been so severe up to date as was generally expected, though there is yet ample time in which to compensate for mildness through the last three seasons that include the beginning and ending of the calendar year. Some branches of trade, those handling winter goods, were decidedly slow ten to twelve months ago because of the absence of severe cold, but this condition was in marked contrast to that prevailing on the other side of the Atlantic. The season there was a fearfully rigorous one, the result being extraordinary short crops, especially in Russia and France. But for that the crop abundance in this region would probably have induced another era of low prices for farm produce, such as was passed

through two years ago, and our farmers would be again poor in the midst of plenty. It is estimated by Secretary Rusk of the Agricultural Department at Washington that the better yield and prices are worth to the farmers of the United States \$700,000,000 more than were the crops of 1890, of which extra value he credits \$500,000,000 to grain and \$150,000,000 to live stock.

The greater part of this gain falls to the lot of the farmers in the Mississippi Valley. A portion of it flows into their laps from the consumers who live in the Eastern States as well as from Europe. Also they are growing richer as compared with the South, the cotton crop of that section being estimated to return less by \$14,000,000 than the one of 1890, though the latest is much the larger of the two. The enormous gain by the Western farmers has directly helped Chicago. They have been better able to buy clothing, footwear, groceries, and other personal comforts, and to invest more in lumber, machinery, wagons and various other material for aiding work or adding to conveniences on the farm. In consequence of this the mercantile and manufacturing industries of the city have been highly prosperous ever since there was reasonable assurance of larger crops than usual. In the first few months these industries suffered from the depressing effects of poorer cereal yield in 1890 in this country and the money stringency in Europe which culminated with the Baring troubles nearly fourteen months ago, and from then till now have dragged their slow length along with accumulating losses from bad investments in other lands. This, with a smaller amount

of railroad building, has prevented the total manufacturing output of the city from surpassing the record of 1890, in addition to which the farmers of the West have not bought so much as many had expected. There was a good general disposition on the part of such of them as had mortgage indebtedness to pay off wholly or in part, and the number of such liabilities released before maturity of the contract far exceeds that of other years. The debtors did not care to wait for the opportunity of paying with the fiat money demanded by the Ocala platform or even for the cheap money promised by the advocates of free silver coinage. Both of these measures were extensively agitated up to a few months ago, but are not now so widely favored, though the latter will be pressed and probably the other asked for in Washington this winter.

The business of this city has already been materially augmented by the reciprocity arrangements between the United States and other countries authorized by Congress. Our merchants have somewhat extended trade with South America and islands in the Gulf of Mexico, and anticipate great things to result ere long from carrying out the Blaine policy. Germany, Denmark, Italy, Austria and France have successively lifted the bars which forbade the entry of our pork products into those countries and shut out \$20,000,000 worth of hog products per year for the last decade. A treaty is concluded with Germany by which other produce will be admitted on favorable terms from the United States in return for our continued reception of her beet sugar free of duty. And the closing of the year was marked by an advantage-

ous arrangement between the United States and the principal West Indian colonies.

The total addition to the track mileage of the railroads in the United States during the year is reported as 4,168 miles against 6,280 miles in 1890, 5,195 in 1889, 6,679 in 1888, and 12,667 in 1887. The total mileage to date is 171,000. In only two of the last ten years—1883 and 1885—was the construction less than in 1891. The additions during the last year have been in the way of short extensions and branch lines, the average length of new lines being but 16.7.

This country has been at peace, though surrounded by wars and vexed with rumors of foreign preparations for what threatens to be the most gigantic armed struggle of the century. The revolution in Brazil and Chili did not involve us, though the latter led to a complication that looked dangerous. There was a shadow of strife with England over the seal fisheries on our western coast and a deep diplomatic mutter from Italy over the work of Judge Lynch in New Orleans. These things have, however, been trifles compared with the apparent gravity of the situation among the great powers of Europe. Russia is reported to be menacing China, has demanded the passage of her vessels through the land-locked avenues that connect the Black Sea with the Mediterranean, and is understood to have joined France in a broad hint that England must evacuate Egypt or take the consequences. The land forces of the Muscovite have been for months facing those of Germany and Austria, and a mere spark has seemed to be all that was needed to start an explosion that might shake a great part of

the old world as badly as Japan was torn up by its recent earthquakes. More than one of the powers is asserted to have purchased war supplies in the United States, and some have thought that only the cereal destitution in Russia has prevented an armed conflict ere this. But so far all is peace, though it seems hardly possible the same can be truly said many months longer. It is difficult to say what would be the effect of a rupture on the commerce of Chicago, but undoubtedly it would stimulate to greater activity in more than one channel.

In the following columns containing a summary of the business of the city for 1891, the totals do not include the speculative transactions in produce, except those sales which have been followed by the actual delivery of the property on its way between the producer and the consumer. Of course those values have been affected by the speculative fluctuations, but that does not alter the fact that the business is counted on a strictly cash basis. The estimates do not take account of the value of buildings except as the preparation of materials for their construction has swelled the totals in the list of manufacturers. The real estate transactions are treated at length in a special review, and in the figures in this article the values of the real estate transfers are not included.

AGGREGATE VALUES FOR THE YEAR.

The following is an approximation to the total value of our trade during 1891:

Produce trade.....	\$497,000,000
Wholesale.....	517,200,000
Manufactures	567,012,000
Total.....	<hr/> \$1,581,000,000

These three departments, however, overlap each other, especially the last two, as material manufactured here is sold at wholesale by the manufacturer. Following up the same plan as in former years in estimating for this doubling up, there should be deducted from the above \$122,000. The statement then stands as follows:

Total trade, 1891.....	\$1,459,000,000
Total trade, 1890.....	1,380,000,000
Increase	\$79,000,000
Or 5.7 per cent.	

The following are the *Tribune's* totals for a series of years. The figures in the twentieth line are for the twelve months from October 11, 1871, to October 11, 1872, the series having been interrupted by the great fire:

1891.....	\$1,459,000,000	1878.....	\$650,000,000
1890.....	1,380,000,000	1877.....	595,000,000
1889.....	1,177,000,000	1876.....	587,000,000
1888.....	1,125,000,000	1875.....	566,000,000
1887.....	1,103,000,000	1874.....	575,000,000
1886.....	997,000,000	1873.....	514,000,000
1885.....	959,000,000	1871-'72.....	437,000,000
1884.....	933,000,000	1870.....	377,000,000
1883.....	1,050,000,000	1869.....	336,000,000
1882.....	1,045,000,000	1868.....	310,000,000
1881.....	1,015,000,000	1860.....	97,000,000
1880.....	900,000,000	1850.....	20,000,000
1879.....	764,000,000		

It has been a year of recovery. The shock given the financial world by the Barings panic in the fall of 1890 was severe. Why at the close of 1891 we have only just about got back to a normal state of public confidence. The distinctive feature of the first half of the year was an export movement of gold in amount without precedent in the history of the country. About \$75,000,000 was sent in answer to the urgent

needs of Europe. The other characteristic feature of the year, and one which will likely make 1891 a landmark, is the enormous agricultural crop. One of the greatest crops we have ever raised came at a time when the foreign demand had been wonderfully increased because of short crops there, and this conjunction has built a foundation for prosperity which promises to hold a colossal structure of commerce to be built in 1892.

With the beginning of the year the vital interest which had been taken in the course of the money market began to wane. Money became more plentiful. The tide turned almost exactly with the advent of Jan. 1. It was noticeable in London first. But soon the New York bank statement began to show great increase in the reserve. A surplus reserve of nearly \$25,000,000 was piled up by the 1st of February, and interest rates for call money dropped to 2 per cent. It began to be apparent that the volume of business in 1891 was not likely to compare favorably with the preceding year. The shock that the money panic had given commercial affairs resulted in the stoppage of all extensions of industries and in actual contraction in many lines. Money began to pile up in the country banks and as an active demand for commercial paper developed it was found that the supply of paper was unusually scant.

By the last of February the price of foreign exchange began to appear as one of the prominent influences. The gold movement began and steadily increased in volume. The Bank of England had to pay the £3,000,000 borrowed from the Bank of France at the time of the Barings difficulty. All Europe wanted

gold. Public sentiment was extremely sensitive. The effect of this gold movement was intensified by the fact that it went on with apparent disregard of sterling rates. Exports were steadily made in the face of a sterling market which made it certain that the exporters were losing money by the shipment.

As early as April there was a foreshadowing of the crop situation. Reports from the agricultural sections of this country showed that conditions had never been more favorable, and the fact that the foreign crops had been greatly damaged also began to develop. This situation put life into the stock market. It was the first time during the year that it had felt the influence of public sentiment. The public carried the market away from the professional operators. As prices began to go up the professional manipulators confidently counted upon reactions, but the reactions did not materialize. About everything on the list showed some advances.

This budding boom in the stock market received a check from the continued outward flow of gold. The movement did not stop at anything like such points as it had stopped in former years. The largest outward movement in recent years was in 1889, when shipments for the first six months aggregated about \$37,000,000. For the first six months of 1891 the aggregate reached over \$70,000,000. It was natural that such a loss of the precious metal should cause some apprehension, and that feeling was emphasized by the fact that so many shipments were made when rates of exchange indicated a loss in the transaction. The fact that the foreigners should want gold so badly as to be willing to accept a considerable loss

in order to get the actual metal, created a feeling of much uncertainty. After that people felt that there was nothing in the situation that they could count on definitely, and there were fears that this gold movement might go on to some undreamed-of extent. About the only figure this gold movement really cut in financial affairs was in its effect upon the minds of men, for, notwithstanding a loss of gold which reached \$75,000,000, money continued plenty for all purposes.

Affairs took a square turn by the last of August. The outward movement of gold had hardly stopped before the current set this way. The crops by this time had got nearer a certainty. Many of them were already assured, and the fact of an exceptional foreign demand was fully established. The third quarter of the year closed with every branch of industrial and mercantile affairs in an improved condition. People turned their faces from the discouragement of the past and began to look forward to the promises of prosperity. These promises had the solidest of foundations in crops of marvelous extent. Farmers were assured prices for these crops which made it certain that the year was to be probably the most prosperous the farmers had ever known. An unusually early crop movement began, and bankers were nearly everywhere predicting a stringent money market as a result of the great strain this crop movement would put upon the country's supply of currency. Events proved that the bankers were wrong in their predictions. Never before was the movement of produce so rapid, and never before was it accomplished with less financial friction. At no time has the money

market been anything but easy. In the face of the largest receipts of grain at the great central markets which were ever known the banks not only had money enough to carry on that movement, but they often had a surplus which was uncomfortably large. This condition of the money market has continued to the end of the year.

Fifty years ago, where now stands this magnificent metropolis, could only be found old Fort Dearborn with a few primitive log cabins surrounding it to break the dull monotony of the vast prairie expanse. Today mark the contrast! Instead of a few soldiers for a population, the trading of a few trinkets to nomadic red men for a commerce, we have a population of over 1,200,000 souls; business edifices unequalled in any city in the world, and a commerce of almost fabulous proportions! Here may be found many of the largest manufacturing establishments and commercial firms on the globe; business enterprises requiring capital in their conduct that might ransom a principality. Where else may be found the counterpart of the commercial houses which we select as representative in their different departments of trade, from among hundreds of worthy compeers.

For instance let us name:

Armour & Co., whose beef and pork product in their several forms are known the world over, and the startling immensity of whose works is one of the marvelous sights of the city. Or McGeoch, Everingham & Co., in the grain and provision commission business, one of the largest and strongest firms in the whole Northwest, doing a strictly commission business. Or T. W. Harvey, in the lumber business,

who sold and shipped during the last year over 100,000,000 feet of lumber; we have heard of no other firm in the United States having such a trade. Then, too, Palmer, Fuller & Co., who are acknowledged to manufacture and sell more sash, doors, blinds, and hardwood interior-finish goods than any other establishment in the world. John V. Farwell & Co., who in wholesale dry goods claim to do the largest jobbing business of any house in the country; Sprague, Warner & Co., grocers—we question whether any other house on the continent can claim a better trade or enjoys a more enviable reputation. Then there are J. S. Kirk & Co., admitted to be the largest soap manufacturers in the country, whose production of laundry and toilet soaps is known all over America; Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., jobbers in general shelf and light hardware, whom we are informed, are the largest dealers in their line in the United States; in boots and shoes, C. M. Henderson & Co., are the largest manufacturers and jobbers in the Union; Keith Brothers, manufacturers and jobbers in hats, caps, and gents' furnishing goods, are acknowledged to be the leading house of America; M. E. Page & Co., manufacturers of confectionery, whom, we are credibly informed, produce and sell more goods annually than any other two firms in the United States.

And so we might go on naming other instances in other departments to illustrate the magnitude and character of the commercial houses of Chicago. Enough, however, have been given to afford to the reader, in connection with the statistical part of this trade review and the following mention of prominent houses, an intelligent idea of the immense commerce

and capacity of this metropolis and its importance to the trade marts of the world. The reader's attention is now invited to the accompanying exhibit of cattle, hogs, sheep, etc., received in the past eight years:

SHIPMENTS BY WESTERN ROADS.

MONTHS.	CATTLE.	CALVES.	HOGS.	SHEEP.
January	8,694	775
February.....	4,948	1,307	432
March	3,941	1,392	155	386
April.....	5,474	1,965	405	121
May.....	5,677	1,070	891	479
June.....	6,206	292	1,001	1,938
July.....	5,749	246	257	2,810
August.....	5,968	9,416	1,287	6,817
September.....	8,343	8,153	2,554	10,366
October.	16,278	5,170	2,073	5,078
November.....	9,164	2,665	523	3,704
December.....
Total.....	80,442	32,451	9,146	32,131

The monthly averages of hogs received for the past eight years were as follows, December, 1881, being estimated:

MONTH.	1874	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880	1881
January... .	253	261	281	253	280	275	265	258
February... .	212	251	262	257	270	236	266	232
March	202	217	220	239	242	219	241	217
April.....	198	207	217	231	225	218	230	220
May.	200	210	223	228	223	225	225	226
June.	208	218	233	231	229	231	229	233
July	208	223	234	237	224	229	230	233
August.....	208	222	242	238	229	237	228	233
September..	209	230	246	243	440	252	233	234
October	222	239	256	252	252	250	247	242
November...	244	256	262	265	268	264	262	262
December. ..	253	271	268	270	270	264	264	265

The annual receipts of cattle, hogs and sheep since the opening of the Union Stock Yards have been as follows:

YEARS.	CATTLE.	HOGS.	SHEEP.	TOTAL.
1866.....	393,007	961,746	207,987	1,562,740
1867.....	329,188	1,696,738	180,888	2,206,814
1868.....	324,524	1,706,782	270,891	2,302,197
1869.....	403,102	1,661,869	340,072	2,405,043
1870.....	532,964	1,693,158	349,853	2,575,975
1871.....	543,050	2,380,083	315,052	3,238,186
1872.....	684,075	3,252,623	310,211	4,246,909
1873.....	761,428	4,337,750	291,734	5,390,912
1874.....	843,966	4,258,379	333,655	5,436,000
1875.....	920,843	3,912,110	418,948	5,251,901
1876.....	1,096,745	4,190,006	364,095	5,650,005
1877.....	1,033,151	4,025,970	310,240	5,369,361
1878.....	1,083,068	6,339,654	310,420	7,733,142
1879.....	1,215,732	6,448,330	325,119	7,989,181
1880.....	1,382,477	7,059,355	335,810	8,777,642
1881.....	1,546,382	6,470,917	493,822	8,511,571

The article below is copied from the *Tribune* of January 1, 1887, and the immense business done by Messrs. Armour & Co., would hardly be believed, without the figures were shown for it. Below they are given:

Number of hogs killed the past year...1,112,969

Number of cattle killed the past year... 380,656

Number of sheep killed the past year... 85,777

During the past year the dressed-beef business has largely increased, and all other departments show a marvelous growth. The sales of refined lard, oils, butterine, sausage, canned goods, etc., show a much larger volume of business than ever before. The firm canned during last year nearly 40,000,000 pounds of meats, and are now working on a large contract of boiled beef for the French Government. In addition to their regular packing business the Armour Glue Works, which have been in operation only one year, have doubled their capacity for producing glue and all other products of the factory. Their facilities for manufacturing glues of superior quality are unsur-

passed, as the regular packing business of the firm furnishes them with an immense fresh daily supply of material, which is a most important feature for the production of these goods. By this means the highest grades of glue, gelatine, isinglass, bone meal, size for papermakers, neatsfoot oil, etc., are produced. In fact, the high reputation of the numerous products of Armour's Glue Works is recognized throughout the world, and the works, although double their former capacity, were pressed to supply the demand. The various products named find a ready sale on their merits in all parts of the country. The glue works are eight acres in extent, covered with buildings, giving employment to 300 people. One of the principal products of these works is the brewers' isinglass. The sales for this product have trebled in two years, and brewers everywhere are using Armour's Brewing Isinglass with great satisfaction.

The total sales of Armour & Co., for last year (exclusive of Board of Trade transactions), reach \$50,000,000. From the above statement of facts our readers can perhaps form some conception of the immense business done by this world-renowned firm, whose numerous products are found in every country on the face of the earth. Besides the 300 employes in the glue works, the firm gives employment to over 5,000 hands at their slaughtering and packing works, and a force of 150 clerks is kept constantly employed at the general offices of the company in the Home Insurance Building, on the corner of La Salle and Adams streets.

A proof of the world-wide reputation of this firm is the desire of all visitors, not alone from every section

of our own country, but from all parts of the world, to visit the Armour packing houses. To accommodate these visitors Mr. Armour grants the privilege. The consequence is, go to the packing houses at any time and you are sure to see a number of very interested spectators. The extreme cleanliness of such a vast institution, the rapidity of the work, and the superior quality of the product are always most favorably commented upon.

I see by the papers that they are still calling for more food for the starving poor in Russia, and I would suggest that instead of shipping them flour, which is about the most expensive food that could be sent, that some of the cheaper parts of the cattle that are slain at the stock yards, hundreds of tons of which could be had for a mere trifle, as it is just steamed up for the small portion of grease to be obtained from it, which when steamed, and the grease skimmed off would leave a large amount of nutritious liquid, and if condensed into an extract, could be conveniently shipped to Russia at a mere trifle of the cost of the flour. One barrel of the extract with water added, would feed three or four thousand persons, especially if thickened with a little cornmeal. I think the experiment well worth trying, and sincerely hope some one will undertake it, for the good of the public, and perhaps the saving of many lives.

Congressman Owen Scott, of Illinois, has introduced a resolution in Congress asking for a government appropriation of \$1,000,000 for the purpose of making a corn exhibit at the World's Fair. If carried out great good will result to the corn-producing states. A corn exhibit at which the many nutritious

qualities of corn as human food could be demonstrated to the many thousands of foreigners could not fail to be vastly beneficial to both producers and consumers. The masses of Europe require cheap food. Practically they know nothing about the value of our corn as human food. It therefore becomes the duty of our government, the duty of the corn-producing states in the corn belt, the duty of the farmers and business men, to see that the value of corn for food is spread before the hungry masses of all the world. The financial results that will surely accrue to our farming community in the corn-producing states should arouse the people of those states to prompt and immediate action.

In order to arrive at a better understanding of this question, figures are submitted in the following table showing the productions, exports, price per bushel, average yield per acre, and average value per acre for the years 1881 to 1890 inclusive:

YEARS.	PRODUCTION, BUSHELS.	EXPORTS, BUSHELS.	PER CENT EXPORTED.	AV'AGE VALUE PER BU., CTS.	AV'AGE YIELD PER ACRE.	AV'AGE VALUE PER ACRE.
1881..	1,194,916,000	44,340,683	3.7	63.6	18.6	\$11.84
1882..	1,617,025,100	41,655,653	2.6	48.5	24.5	11.92
1883..	1,551,066,895	46,258,606	3.0	42.4	22.7	9.63
1884..	1,795,528,000	52,876,456	2.9	35.7	25.8	9.19
1885..	1,936,176,000	64,829,617	3.3	32.8	26.5	8.69
1886..	1,665,441,000	41,368,584	2.5	36.6	22.0	8.06
1887..	1,456,161,000	25,360,869	1.7	44.4	20.1	8.93
1888..	1,987,790,000	70,841,673	3.6	34.1	26.3	8.95
1889..	2,112,892,000	103,418,709	4.9	28.3	27.0	7.63
1890..	1,489,970,000	32,041,529	2.2	50.6	20.7	10.48
Ann'l Av.	1,680,696,599	52,299,237	3.04	41.7	23.43	\$9.53

[The table shows the production for calendar years and the exports relate to fiscal years, beginning July of the year named.]

From this table you will observe that the average annual production amounted to 1,680,696,599 bushels, while the average annual exports during the same period were 52,299,237 bushels, which was only a trifle over 3 per cent of our product, or 3.04 per cent. This brings to light another fact—namely: that at present we consume nearly all of our corn productions at home. We could, however, produce twice our present crop of corn if we had a market for it.

Such a market exists today, but our people do not realize it, while the people in foreign countries who are hungry do not know that corn is fit for human food. It is our national, state and commercial duty to teach these people its value. It is a philanthropic duty as well. As to our capacity for producing corn to supply the increasing foreign demand, I quote the following from Assistant Statistician B. W. Snow, who says:

“With an acreage of 78,000,000 acres, it is the largest arable crop grown in any country, and our capabilities of extension in its production are hardly appreciated.” * * * “In measured quantity our corn crop of a single year has exceeded the wheat crop of the civilized world, and no other grain approaches it in volume.”

Thus far we have been shown what our corn productions are and what our exports amount to. We propose in the next table to show the comparative value of corn for food as related to other cereals.

The following comparative table showing the relative value of the different cereals as food was compiled by the Chemical Division of the Department of Agriculture:

	HULLED OATS.	WHEAT.	RYE.	BARLEY.	CORN OR MAIZE.
Water.....	6.93	10.27	8.67	6.53	10.04
Ash.....	2.15	1.84	2.09	2.89	1.52
Oil or fat.....	8.14	2.16	1.94	2.68	5.20
Digestible carbohydrates.....	67.09	71.98	74.52	72.77	70.69
Crude Carbohydrates.....	1.38	1.80	1.46	3.80	2.09
Albuminoids.....	14.31	11.95	11.32	11.33	10.46

From this table it is evident that corn compares most favorably with all the other cereals. In the item of oil or fat-producing qualities it excels all others from two to three times, with the single exception of hulled oats. We do not think it a fair comparison to take hulled oats. Yet corn exceeds hulled oats in the quantity of digestible carbohydrates nearly 4 per cent.

We have shown the national corn crop, and in the following table we will show the average product of the six largest corn-producing states for two years:

BUSHELS PRODUCED.		
STATE.	1889.	1891, ESTIMATED.
Indiana	106,656,000	123,622,000
Illinois.....	259,125,000	234,880,000
Iowa	349,966,000	350,278,000
Missouri.....	218,841,000	203,210,000
Kansas.....	240,508,000	141,893,000
Nebraska	149,543,000	167,652,000
Total.....	1,324,639,000	1,221,535,000

General average for two years, 1,273,087,000 bushels.

From the above table it will be observed that those

six states produced over a billion and a quarter bushels of corn. Less than 4 per cent of this enormous product is exported, because Europe does not know anything about its food qualities, whereas if proper efforts were made by these six states alone the export demand could undoubtedly be increased to 25 per cent of our corn crop.

The work done at Edinburg made many converts to corn as a human food. A jury of food experts awarded it a silver medal, the highest award a bread-stuff could obtain at the exhibition. The indorsement of undoubted scientific and medical authority is thus given to the use of corn as a food. During the Edinburg exhibition the Hon. J. M. Rusk, Secretary of Agriculture, appointed Mr. Murphy special agent in Europe in the interest of Indian corn. He is now in Germany, and he has awakened a deep interest with the government officials in corn as a desirable article of food for the army. Secretary Rusk deserves the fullest support and the highest praise from the farmers of this country for his efforts to introduce corn into Europe. And it is hoped that the corn-producing states will now do their full share toward carrying on the good work. The following statements of our foreign consuls, of foreign officials, and peers, all tend to prove what a fine field is open to us:

Consul R. W. Turner, of Cadiz, Spain, writes: "I am quite sure that if the food uses of corn were understood, it would become a kitchen staple in Spain. The masses are poor, wages low, and food supplies very high. Corn bread would be a great gift to the workers of Europe. While corn sells for 20 cents a

bushel in the Missouri Valley, the people in Spain pay 8 cents a pound for bread."

Consul Roosevelt, Brussels, Belgium, writes: "I am confident that if corn were properly introduced in this market and a pamphlet published in the French language showing the different methods of preparing the same for food, the result would be that within twelve months two-thirds of the peasants, mechanics, and well-to-do classes would be using it."

A leading daily newspaper in Scotland said: "The corn seems to be as nourishing as wheat or oatmeal is. It is for one thing a good deal cheaper. If people are once acquainted with the really wholesome and nutritious forms of food made from corn, it will become so popular that exportations from America will be large enough to prevent any waste whatever."

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone wrote "that the corn bread sent him suited his taste perfectly, and he would be most happy to know that the British people were taking more of our corn than they have in the past."

Clark E. Carr, Minister to Copenhagen, says: "I think with systematic effort our Indian corn can be brought into general use in all Scandinavian countries. I believe that in introducing this wholesome, nutritious food we shall be doing them a greater kindness than ourselves."

Julius Goldschmitt, Consul General at Vienna, says: "There is room in Europe for the consumption of several hundred million bushels of American corn per year, much of it as food for human beings who do not get enough to eat."

Many more facts could be stated if space permitted, but enough has been stated to demonstrate to every intelligent person that there is a grand field in Europe for our corn product, which promises financial prosperity to our people and great good to the hungry masses of Europe. Shall we cultivate the field and reap the harvest? I think there should be a conference of interested representatives and citizens of our corn states and an interchange of views as to the best manner of proceeding in this matter. I hope our citizens will give an expression of their views on this subject.

R. H. FERGUSON.

As will be seen on the last few pages I have added some valuable statistics and also some hints as to the use of our large corn crop among the starving workingmen of Europe that I trust will lead many to think over the subject, and do all in their power to bring it into general use. I was astonished myself when I was over in '74, to find that the general impression was that corn was only fit food for animals and not at all fitted for use on the table, but where properly cooked, the most delicious cakes or bread can be made from it. But now as there is no longer any doubt as to the World's Fair being a great success, as many of the large buildings are already erected on the ground, and several others of immense size in process of construction, it certainly becomes us as good citizens to do all in our power to increase the number of visitors, as well as that of the contributors, that we may make this, as it is confidently hoped it will be, the most magnificent and wonderful display of goods, merchandise, and the various arts and sciences of every sort and description ever seen

before, not only in the United States, but in the whole civilized world, and could you see the wonderful progress they are making in the park, not only in the erection and completion of the immense buildings, some of which are finished or nearly so, showing a display of artistic taste in their outside finish and adornment, that will bring not only deserved credit upon the architects employed, but will add greatly to the effect that will be produced when they are all completed, together with the improvements made and contemplated in the future, to add not only to the beauty of the park with its delightful drives and walks, its suburbs, shrubs and flower beds, with several green houses that will be the admiration of all who delight not only in the works of art, but also in the beauties of nature, which will be seen also in the construction of the water courses leading from our magnificent lake, that is confidently expected will add so much to the pleasure of the many million of people that we hope to have visiting our fair, with all its wonderful sights and attractions of all kinds, not only to furnish them amusement while here and enjoying them, but will also increase their knowledge and lead them to make comparisons between the work done in this country; with all the help of the machinery invented to lessen labor, and the old fashioned way of employing manual labor to make and complete even the most delicate pieces of machinery as that found in the making of watches, clocks, etc., which has so cheapened them in the last fifty years that you can purchase as good a watch now for \$20 as you could then for \$200. I merely mention that as it was the first to come into

my mind, my watch lying before me. It is the same with hundreds of other pieces of mechanism that have been brought into daily use, saving time and labor every hour of the day. When I was a boy it was customary to have a spinning wheel in almost every house to make the necessary articles for use in the family, when the wonderful invention of the spinning jenny to run by machinery, was introduced in Manchester, in the north of England, by the noted firm of Peel, Ainsworth & Co. (Sir Robert Peel being one of the partners), who soon had six or eight different factories running, employing, as it was stated by them in parliament, over 10,000 hands, and cheapening all kinds of cotton cloth to such an extent that a yard can be purchased now at five cents that in the old times spoken of would have cost 50 cents, and in the larger pieces of machinery it is the same. When the canal was first started here they wanted a large number of very heavy screw bolts for the making of the locks, each of which took a man several hours to make at a very heavy cost, but one of our citizens, who took the contract, by a very simple contrivance, made a machine that cut the screw much better in a few minutes than the old plan did in several hours, and saved a large sum by the invention, which is now used all over the world, and reduced the price of screws to a mere minimum of what they were before. It is the same with hundreds of other articles that might be mentioned, but enough has been said to show the benefits arising from the use of machinery, and in connection with that I must say a few words about the power of steam, the grand mover of all our great enterprises. What would Chicago be without

steam, and yet it is doubtful if it was ever known or thought of as a useful power in the world until within the last 75 years. I have heard my father say that there were not 20 steam engines in the city of London at that time. When he had one set up in his factory it was considered such a wonder that he invited a large party of his friends to see the steam turned on to set the machinery in motion, and just think at the present time what an immense power has got to be in the world. Certainly very little of the immense tracts of lands lying hundreds of miles west of us could ever have been brought into market without steam, and the long trains of grain and other products of the soil would never have been seen entering our cities. To destroy or neglect to use the power of steam, half the workshops in the city would be closed at once and most kinds of business brought to a standstill. When I first commenced using it in 1842 for the purpose of melting tallow and lard, it was quite an improvement on old ways, and to have melted all by fire, would have covered acres of land with small pans, and employed hundreds of men to attend to them; but steam came to the rescue, and what it has done for us in bringing the millions of bushels of grain and carloads of stock of all kinds from the country to our city is past all belief, and to think that it is only 75 years since its power was first discovered and used to any advantage for the benefit of mankind is truly wonderful to think of—that the knowledge of its worth to mankind should have lain dormant so many hundreds of years.

I took another stroll in the park yesterday and was perfectly astonished at the change a little over a week

had made in it. Several more immense buildings have been commenced. They have several thousand men employed, so they ought to make some show, the weather being very favorable for the work. The building for the cattle department alone will cover 70 acres of land.

The following extract from an article in the *Tribune* by Julian Ralph, of New York, will describe the work going on there better than I can, and I will close with a description of the park by Mr. Gage, the president of the commissioners.

While investigating the management and prospects of the World's Fair, I was a resident of Chicago for more than a fortnight. Though a born New Yorker, yet the roar and bustle of the place were sufficient to first astonish and then to fatigue me. I was led to examine the city and to cross-examine some of its leading men. I came away compelled to acknowledge its possession of certain forceful qualities which I never saw exhibited in the same degree anywhere else. I got a satisfactory explanation of its growth and achievements, as well as proof that it must continue to expand in population and commercial influence, and without losing a particle of pride or faith in New York, I acquired a respect for Chicago, such as it is most likely that any American who makes a similar investigation must share with me. I have spoken of the roar and bustle and energy of the place; everybody is in such a hurry and going at such a pace, that if a stranger asks his

way he is apt to have to walk some distance with him to gain the information. The whole business of life is carried on at high pressure, and the pithy part of Chicago is like 300 acres of New York stock exchange when trading is active. European visitors have written that there are no such crowds anywhere as gather on Broadway, and this is true most of the time; but there is one hour in Chicago, between 5:30 and 6:30, when certain streets are so packed with people, as to make Broadway, New York, look desolate in comparison. That is the hour when the famous tall buildings in the heart of the city pour forth their inhabitants on the pavements. We shall see these crowds, simply and satisfactorily accounted for presently, but they exhibit only one phase of the high pressure existence, and only one feature among the many that distinguish the city. In the tall buildings are the most modern and rapid elevators—machines that fly up through the towers like glass balls from a trap. The slow going stranger who has been walking along the streets feels himself crowded into one of these frail looking baskets of steel wire, and the next instant at the touch of the elevator boy up goes the whole load, as a feather is caught up by the gale. The descent is more simple, something lets go and you fall from 10 to 15 stories, as it may happen. Our horse cars in New York run at the rate of about six miles an hour. The cable cars of Chicago make about nine in the center of the city, and 12 to 13 where the population is less dense. They go in trains of two cars each with much noise and ringing of bells, but they distribute the people grandly at every corner where necessary. It is a rapid and

business like city. The speed with which cattle are killed and hogs are turned into slabs of pork has amazed the world, but it is merely an effort of the butchers to keep up with the rest of the city. The only slow things in Chicago are the steam railway trains. I do not know how many very tall buildings there are in the town, but they must number over a dozen. Some of them are artistically designed to hide their height, while some are mere square buildings, punctured with many windows, and stand above their neighbors disfiguring the whole block. Most of them are very elegantly and completely appointed in every particular, as to the interior, even to the using of polished marble for hallway and steps. There is not an office building in New York that can compare with Chicago's so-called Chamber of Commerce building so far as are concerned the advantages of light, air, openness and roominess, and finished as above described. It is a great mistake for the east to think they alone possess all the elegant, rich and ornamental outgrowths of the age, or that they know more of luxury and comfort than the west, with their floors of deftly laid mosaic works, walls of marble and onyx, balustrades of copper worked artistically, elegant electric fixtures and all kinds of luxuries to add to their enjoyment. The same may be said of their costly and elegant public rooms which must force an exclamation of praise however unwillingly it comes.

I have referred to the number of these stupendous structures. Let it be known next that they are all in a very small district, that narrow area which composes Chicago's office region, which lies between Lake

Michigan and all the principal railroad districts, and at the edges of which one-twenty-fifth of all the railroad mileage of the world is said to terminate, though the district is but little more than one-half a mile square or 400 acres in extent. One of these buildings—and not the largest—has a population of 4,000 persons. Last October there were 7,000 offices in the tall buildings of Chicago and 7,000 more were under way in buildings then undergoing construction. The reader now understands why in the heart of Chicago every work-day evening the crowds convey the idea that our Broadway is a deserted thoroughfare as compared with, say, the corner of Clark and Jackson streets.

Chicago expects to become the largest city in America—a city which, in fifty years, shall be larger than the consolidated cities that may form New York at that time.

Now on what substance does Chicago feed that she should foresee herself so great? What manner of men are those of Chicago? What are the whys and the wherefores of her growth?

It seems to have ever been, as it is now, a city of young men. One Chicagoan accounts for its low death rate on the ground that not even its leading men are yet old enough to die. The young men who drifted there from the eastern states after the close of the war all agree that the thing which most astonished them was the youthfulness of the most active business men. Marshall Field, Potter Palmer, and the rest, heading very large mercantile establishments, were young fellows.

It is one of the peculiarities of Chicago that one finds not only the capitalists but the storekeepers discussing the whole country with a familiarity as strange to a man from the Atlantic coast as Nebraska is strange to most Philadelphians or New Yorkers. But the well-informed and "bustling" Chicagoan is familiar with the differing districts of the entire west, north, and south, with their crops, industries, wants, financial status, and means of intercommunication. As in London we find men whose business field is the world, so in Chicago we find the business men talking not of one section or of Europe—as is largely the case in New York, but discussing the affairs of the entire country. The figures which garnish their conversation are bewildering, but if they are analyzed or even comprehended they will reveal to the listener how vast and how wealthy a region acknowledges Chicago as its market and its financial and trading center.

Let me repeat a digest of what several influential men of that city said upon the subject. Chicago is the center of a circle of 1,000 miles diameter. If you draw a line northward 500 miles you find everywhere arable land and timber. The same is true with respect to a line drawn 500 miles in a northwesterly course. For 650 miles westward there is no change in the rich and alluring prospect, and so all around the circle, except where Lake Michigan interrupts it, the same conditions are found. Moreover, the lake itself is a very valuable element in commerce. The rays or spokes in all these directions become materialized in the form of the tracks of thirty-five railways which enter the city. Twenty-two of these are great

companies and at a short distance subradials made by other railroads raise the number to fifty roads. Thus is found a vast population connected easily and directly with a common center, to which everything they produce can be brought, and from which all that contributes to the material progress and comfort of man may be economically distributed. The rapid increase in wealth of both the city and the tributary region is due to the fact that every year both produce more and have more to sell and less to buy.

Iowa, Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Wisconsin, and Michigan (the states most tributary to Chicago), have paid off their mortgages, and are absorbing money and investing it in local improvements.

What they earn is now their own, and it comes back to them in the form of money. This money used to be shipped to the east, to which these states were in debt, but now it is invested where it is earned, and the consequence has been that in the last five or six years the west has rarely shipped any currency east, but has been constantly drawing it from there.

In this change of condition is seen an explanation of much that has made Chicago peculiar.

When we understand what are the agricultural resources of the region for which Chicago is the trading post we perceive how certain it was that its debt would be paid and that great wealth would follow. The corn lands of Illinois return a profit of \$15 to the acre, raising 50 to 60 bushels at 42½ cents a bushel last year, and at a cost for cultivation of only \$7 an acre. Wheat produces \$22.50 an acre, costs a little less than corn, and returns a profit of from \$12 to \$15. Oats run 55 bushels to the acre, at 27 cents a

bushel, and cost the average farmer only, say, \$6 an acre, returning \$8 or \$9 an acre in profit. These figures will vary as to production, cost, and profit, but it is believed that they represent a fair average. This midland country, of which Chicago is the capital, produces 400,000,000 bushels of wheat, 2,000,000,000 bushels of corn, 700,000,000 bushels of oats, 50,000,000 hogs, 28,000,000 horses, 30,000,000 sheep, and so on, to cease before the reader is wearied; but in no single instance is the region producing within 50 per cent. of what it will be made to yield before the expiration of the next twenty years. Farming there has been haphazard, rude, and wasteful; but as it begins to pay well, the methods begin to improve. Drainage going on will add new lands, and better methods will swell the crops, so that, for instance, where sixty bushels of corn to the acre are now grown at least 100 bushels will be harvested. All the corn lands are now settled, but they are not improved. They will yet double in value. It is different with wheat; with that the maximum production will soon be attained.

Such is the wealth that Chicago counts up as tributary to her. By the railroads that dissect this opulent region she is rivited to the midland, the southern, and the western country between the Rockies and the Alleghanies. She is closely allied to the south, because she is manufacturing and distributing much that the south needs and can get most economically from her. Chicago has become the third manufacturing city in the Union, and it is drawing manufacturers away from the east faster than most persons in the east imagine. Today it is a great

Troy stovemaking establishment that has moved to Chicago; the week before it was a Massachusetts shoe factory that went there. Many great establishments have gone there, but more must follow, because Chicago is not only the center of the midland region in respect of the distribution of made-up wares, but also for the concentration of raw materials. Chicago must lead in the manufacture of all goods of which wood, leather, and iron are the basis. The revolution that took place in the meat trade when Chicago took the lead in that industry affected the whole leather and hide industry. Cattle are dropping 90,000 skins a week in Chicago and the trade is confined to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha and St. Paul. It is idle to suppose that those skins will be sent across the Alleghanies to be turned into goods and sent back again. Wisconsin has become the great tanning state, and all over the district close around Chicago are factories and factory towns where hides are turned into leather goods. The west still gets its finer goods in the east, but it is making the coarser grades, and to such an extent as to give a touch of New England color to the towns and villages around Chicago.

This is not an unnatural rivalry that has grown up. The former condition of western dependence was unnatural. The science of profitable business lies in the practice of economy. Chicago has in abundance all the fuels except hard coal. She has coal, oil, stone, brick—everything that is needed for building and for living. Manufactures gravitate to such a place for economical reasons. The population of the north Atlantic division, including Pennsylvania

and Massachusetts, and acknowledging New York as its center, is 17,401,000. The population of the northern center division, trading with Chicago, is 22,362,279. Every one has seen each succeeding census shift the center of population further and further west, but not every one is habituated to putting two and two together.

"Chicago is yet so young and busy," said he who is perhaps the leading banker there, "she has no time for anything beyond each citizen's private affairs. It is hard to get men to serve on a committee. The only thing that saves us from being bores is our civic pride. We are fond, proud, and enthusiastic in that respect. But we know that Chicago is not rich like New York. She has no bulk of capital lying ready for investment and reinvestment; yet she is no longer poor. She has just got over her poverty, and the next stage, bringing accumulated wealth, will quickly follow. Her growth in this respect is more than paralleled by her development into an industrial center."

But the visitor's heart warms to the town when he sees its parks and its homes. In them is ample assurance that not every breath is "business," and not every thought commercial. Once out of the thicket of the business and semi-business district the dwellings of the people reach mile upon mile away along pleasant boulevards and avenues, or facing noble parks and parkways, or in a succession of villages, green and gay with foliage and flowers.

Land in New York has been too costly to permit of these villa-like dwellings, but that does not alter the fact that existence in a home hemmed in by

other houses is at best but a crippled living. There never has been any valid excuse for the building of those compressed houses by New York millionaires. It sounds like a Celtic bull, but, in my opinion, the poorer millionaires of Prairie avenue are better off. A peculiarity of the buildings in Chicago is in the great variety of building stones that are employed in their construction. Where we would build two blocks of brown-stone, I have counted thirteen varieties of beautiful and differing building material. Moreover, the contrasts in architectural designs evidence among Chicago house-owners a complete sway of individual taste. It is in these beautiful homes that the people who do not know what to do with their club-houses hold their card parties; it is to them that they bring their visitors and friends; in short, it is at home that the Chicagoan recreates and loafs.

It is said, and I have no reason to doubt it, that the clerks and small tradesmen who live in thousands of these pretty little boxes are the owners of their homes; also that the tenements of the rich display evidence of a tasteful and costly garnering of the globe for articles of luxury and virtue.

Chicago's park system is so truly its crown, or its diadem, that its fame may lead to the thought that enough has been said about it. That is not the case, however, for the parks change and improve so constantly that the average Chicagoan finds some of them outgrowing his knowledge unless he goes to them as he ought to go to his prayers. It is not in extent that the city's parks are extraordinary, for, all told, they comprise less than 2,000 acres. It is

the energy that has given rise to them, and the taste and enthusiasm which have been expended upon them that cause our wonder. Sand and swamp were at the bottom of them, and if their surface now roll in gentle undulations, it is because the earth that was dug out for the making of ponds has been subsequently applied to the forming of hills and knolls. The people go to some of them upon the boulevards of which I have spoken, beneath trees and beside lawns and gorgeous flower beds, having their senses sharpened in anticipation of the pleasure grounds beyond, as the heralds in some old plays prepare us for the action that is to follow. Once the parks are reached they are found to be literally for the use of the people, who own them. I have a fancy that a people who are so largely American would not suffer them to be otherwise. There are no signs warning the people off the grass or announcing that they "may look, but mustn't touch" whatever there is to see. The people swarm all over the grass, and yet it continues beautiful day after day and year after year. The floral displays seem unharmed; at any rate, we have none to compare with them in any Atlantic coast parks. The people even picnic on the sward, and those who can appreciate such license find, ready at hand, baskets in which to hide the litter which follows. And, O ye who manage other parks, we wot of, know that these Chicago playgrounds, seem as free from harm and eyesore as any in the land.

The best parks face the great lake, and get wondrous charms of dignity and beauty from it. At the North Side the Lincoln Park Commissioners at great

expense are building out into the lake, making a handsome paved beach, sea-wall, esplanade, and drive to inclose a long, broad body of the lake water. Although the great blue lake is at the city's edge, there is little or no sailing or pleasure-boating upon it. It is too rude and treacherous. Therefore these Commissioners of the Lincoln Park are inclosing behind their new-made land a water-course for sailing and rowing, for racing, and more indolent aquatic sport. The Lake Shore drive, when completed, will be three miles in length, and will connect with yet another notable road to Fort Sheridan, 25 miles in length. All these beauties form part of the main exhibit at the Columbian Exposition. Realizing this, the municipality has not only voted \$5,000,000 to the exposition, but has set apart \$3,500,000 for beautifying and improving the city in readiness for the exposition and its visitors, even as a bride bedecketh herself for her husband. That is well; but it is not her beauty that will most interest the visitors to Chicago—but Chicago itself, as a city, will be the attraction.

In interviews with Chicago men the newspapers have obtained many estimates of the number of visitors who will attend the Columbian Exposition. One calculation which is called conservative, is that 10,000,000 persons will see the display, and will leave \$300,000,000 in the city. It is not easy to judge of such estimates, but we know that there is a wider interest in this exposition than in any that was ever held. We know also that in the foremost countries of Europe workmen's clubs and popular lotteries have been established or projected for the purpose of

sending their most fortunate participants to Chicago—a few of many signs of an uncommon desire to witness the great exposition.

Whatever these visitors have heard or thought of Chicago, they will find it not only an impressive but a substantial city. It will speak to every understanding of the speed with which it is hastening to a place among the world's capitals. Those strangers who travel farther in our west may find other towns that have builded too much upon the false prospects of districts where the crops have proved uncertain. They may see still other showy cities, where the main activity is in the direction of "swapping" real estate. It is a peculiar industry, accompanied by much bustle and lying. But they will not find in Chicago anything that will disturb its tendency to impress them with a solidity and a degree of enterprise and prosperity that are only excelled by the almost idolatrous faith of the people in their community. The city's broad and regular thoroughfares will astonish many of us who have imbibed the theory that streets are first mapped out by cows; its alley system between streets will win the admiration of those who live where alleys are unknown; its many little homes will speak volumes for the responsibility and self-respect of a great body of its citizens.

The discovery that the city's harbor is made up of forty-one miles of the banks of an internal river will lead to the satisfactory knowledge that it has preserved its beautiful front upon Lake Michigan as an ornament. This has been bordered by parks and parkways in pursuance of a plan that is interrupted to an important extent only where a pioneer railway

came without the fore-knowledge that it would eventually develop into a nuisance and an eyesore. Its splendid hotels, theaters, schools, churches, galleries, and public works and ornaments will commend the city to many who will not study its commercial side. In short, it will be found that those who visit the Exposition will not afterwards reflect upon its assembled proofs of the triumphs of man and of civilization without recalling Chicago's contribution to the sum.

JULIAN RALPH.

The following is a copy of Mr. Gage's report:

The South Park system consists of two great parks, connected by the Midway Plaisance, a strip of land a mile long and 600 feet wide, and united by boulevards with the heart of the city and with the West Side and North Side parks. Both Washington and Jackson parks, and the Midway Plaisance as well, embracing acres have been placed at the disposal of the Columbian Exposition. The South Side system of cable cars connects with the two parks, and the Illinois Central railroad passes near the western boundary of Jackson park, and with other roads will be directly connected with the fair during its continuance.

By reason of the greater picturesqueness of a lake shore site, and the superior accessibility of Jackson park, both by water and land, and for the additional reason that, its being now for the most part improved, it is more readily adaptable to our purposes, so Jackson park has been chosen as the principal site of the fair. The thirty acres at the north, which are now laid out and under cultivation, form but a small fraction of the entire area of this park,

which extends a mile further south, broadening constantly along the curving shore of the lake.

In this improved portion, much of which is thickly wooded with native trees, the ground is being prepared for a system of lagoons and canals from 100 to 300 feet wide, which, with the broad, grassy terraces leading down to them, will pass the principal buildings, inclose a wooded island 1,800 feet long, and form a circuit of three miles navigable by pleasure boats.

These canals, which will be crossed by many bridges, and will connect with the lake at two points, one at the northern limit of the improved portion of the park; and the other, half a mile further south. At this point, extending eastward into the lake, 1,200 feet, will be piers, which will afford a landing place for lake steamers, and inclose a harbor for the picturesque little pleasure boats of all epochs and nations, which will carry passengers along the canals, and stopping at numerous landing places.

This harbor will be bounded on the east, far out in the lake, by the long-columned facade of the Casino, in whose free spaces crowds of men and women, protected by its ceiling of gray awnings, can look east to the lake and west to the long vista between the main edifices as far as the gilded dome of the Administration building.

The first notable object on this vista will be the colossal statue of Liberty rising out of the lagoon at the point where it enters the land. Beyond this, will lie a broad basin, from which grassy terraces and broad walks will lead, on the north, to the south

elevation of the enormous main building; and, on the south, to the structure dedicated to agriculture.

The main building extending northwestward a third of a mile, will be devoted to manufactures and liberal arts, and will receive from all nations the rich products of modern workmanship. Recalling architecturally the period of the classic revival, it has the vivacity, the emphatic joyousness of that awakening epoch. The long, low lines of its sloping roof, supported by rows of arches, will be relieved by a central dome over the great main entrance, and emblematic statuary and flouting banners will add to its festive character. The north elevation of the classic edifice devoted to agriculture will show a long arcade behind Corinthian columns supporting a series of triple arches and three low graceful domes. Liberally adorned with sculpture and enriched with color, this building, by its simplicity, refinement, and grace, will be idyllically expressive of pastoral serenity and peace. At its noble entrance a statue of Ceres will offer hospitality to the fruits of the earth. Beyond it at the south sixty-three acres of land will be reserved for the live stock exhibit.

The lofty octagonal domes of the Administration building forms the central point of the architectural scheme. Rising from the columned stories of its square base 250 feet into the air, it will stand in the center of a spacious open plaza, adorned with statuary and fountains, with flower beds and terraces, sloping at the east down to the main lagoon. North of the plaza will be the two buildings devoted to mines and electricity, the latter bristling with points

and pinnacles, as if to entrap from the air the intangible element whose achievements it will display.

South of the plaza will be Machinery hall, with its power-house at the southeast corner. A sub-way at the west wall will pass under the terminal railway loop of the Illinois Central road to the circular machinery annex within. North of this railway loop and along the western limit of the park will be the Transportation building. Still further north, lying west of the north branch of the lagoon, at the point where it encloses the wooded island, will extend the long shining surfaces and the gracefully curving roof of the crystal palace of horticulture. Following the lagoon northward one will pass the Women's building, and eastward will reach the island devoted to the novel and interesting fisheries exhibit, shown in an effective low-roofed Romanesque structure, flanked by two vast circular aquaria, in which the spectator can look upward through clear waters and study the creatures of ocean and river. This building will be directly west of the northern opening of the system of lagoons into Lake Michigan, and in a straight line with the Government building and the main building, which extend along the lake shore to the southeast.

North of the lagoon which bounds this fisheries island lies the present improved portion of Jackson park, which will be reserved for the buildings of states and foreign governments. The Illinois building will occupy a commanding position here, its classic dome being visible over the long lagoon from the central plaza.

At the junction of the Midway Plaisance with Jackson park is the site chosen for the Proctor tower, which, rising 1,100 feet into the air, will command a majestic view of the beautiful grounds and buildings brilliant with light and color, and the great city lying between boundless levels of land and sea.

Thus the various portions of the exhibition will be equally accessible by water and by land. The traveler may come by carriage, by cable, or by rail; and be carried from one section to another on the elevated roads which will connect and perhaps penetrate the buildings, or follow the broad foot-ways which will surround them, or he may arrive by steamer from the lake, and board one of the gay boats which will glide from building to building along the lagoons. By whatever path he comes, he will behold a scene of commanding beauty—noble edifices grouped with consummate art in grounds admirably disposed. The genius of the late consulting architect and his eminent coadjutors will here proclaim to the world the supremacy of American architecture, the artistic resources of the new world Columbus discovered four centuries ago.

Art will avail herself to the utmost of her noble opportunity. She will follow the fine example of nature, who does not insult the majestic monotony of her oceans by piling high mountains along the shore. From the infinite level of the lake we follow the long, low monotonous lines of the chief exhibition edifices until the gilded dome of the Administration building strikes upward toward the sky. Still further landward rises the Proctor tower, the eyes' final resting place in its progress upward. The effect,

briliant by day, will be dazzling at night, when the level roofs and the domes are outlined with electric lights, when foaming illuminated fountains—gorgeous colors in the air, when the long lagoons reflect the myriads of strange lights, and the towers soar heavenward like a constellation of glowing stars.

He who ascends to that dizzy height on a clear day in the eventful summer of 1893 will look down upon a scene more splendid than the famous pageants of antiquity. He will see beautiful buildings radiant with color and flashing the sunlight from their gilded pinnacles and domes; blue lagoons and rivers breaking into sparkling fountains and enclosing islands wooded with primeval oak. He will look down on flowery terraces sloping to the stone paved beach, on statues rising from land and water to welcome the people of the earth, on waving flags and gorgeous banners like floating rays of broken light. And beyond all, harmonizing and glorifying the bright picture, he will behold the boundless waters of Lake Michigan, linking the beautiful with the sublime, the present with the past, the finite with the infinite.

CHARLES CLEAVER.

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